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BULL RUN.

BY A FIRE ZOUAVE.

Oh, it's all very well for you fellers
That don t know a fire from the sun
To curl your moustaches, and tell us
Just how the thing oughter been done;
But when twenty wake up ninety thousand,
There's nothin' can follow but rout.
We didn't give in till we had to;
And what are yer coughin' about?

The crowd that was with them ere rebels
Had ten to our every man;
But a fireman's a fireman, me covey,
And he'll put out a fire if he can;
So we run the masheen at a gallop,
As easy as open and shut,
And as fast as one feller went under,
Another kept takin' der butt.

You oughter seen Farnham, that mornin';
In spite of the shot and the shell
His orders kept ringin' around us
As clear as the City Hall bell.
He said all he could to encourage
And lighten the hearts of the men
Until he was bleeding and wounded,
And nary dried up on it then.

While two rifle regiments fought us,
And batteries tumbled us down,
Them cursed Back-Horse fellers charged us
Like all the Dead Rabbits in town.
And that's just the way with them rebels,
It's ten upon one, or no fair;
But we emptied a few of their saddles—
You may bet all your soap on that air!

"Double up!" says our Colonel, quite coolly,
When he saw them come riding like mad,
And we did double up in a hurry,
And let them have all that we had.
They came at us counting a hundred,
And scarcely two dozen went back;
So you see, they bu'ffed us on aces,
We made a big thing with the Jack.

We fought till red shirts were as plenty
As blackberries, strewing the grass,
And then we fell back for a breathing,
To let Sixty-nine's fellers pass.
Perhaps Sixty-nine didn't peg them,
And give them uncommon cheroots?
Well—I ve just got to say, if they didn't
You fellers can smell of my boots!

The Brooklyn Fourteenth was another,
And them Minnesota chaps, too;
But the odds were too heavy against us,
And but one thing was left us to do:
We had to make tracks for our quarters,
And fluished it up pretty rough;
But if any chap says that they licked us,
I'd just like to polish him off!

THE LASSO;

OR,

THE CORSE REVENGE.

Tonino Guiterra, the poorest possidente, the most resolute hunter, the bravest fighter of the *pieve* of Guiterra, was one morning walking in one of those old forests of pines, green oaks and beeches, which cover all the interior of the Corse, and form a picturesque contrast with its naked and barren littoral. Armed with his long rifle, a trophy plundered from the Genoese, and almost the only object which he possessed in the world, except the poor field of barley and the hut of loose stones which he proudly called his *casa*, Tonino travelled on with his head up, and singing at the height of his voice of love, as independent and satisfied with himself as if the handsome manor of Guiterra, which he beheld beneath his feet, had appertained to him. Thirtieth cousin of the owner of this domain, whose name he also bore, according to the ancient usage of the Corse, where all the inhabitants of a village, even to the *veudette*, are of the same family, Tonino, after all, was by no means a disgrace to the noble name which he bore:—brave, active, indefatigable, cunning as all the Corses are, revengeful as they glory in being, he was, even in the opinion of his companions, the best of fifty or sixty fighting men, a kind of warlike clan which the chief of the family, the sire of the Guiterra, could muster in time of need. In all the wars of his chieftain against the Genoese, Tonino had shared his fatigues, his dangers and his bed of fern; more than once he had risked his life to save his, and believed, not without some reason, that he might count a little upon the gratitude of his noble relation. But Tonino did not, at this moment, dream of ambition; other thoughts occupied him, and with his lean and muscular legs covered with huge spatterdashes, he clambered briskly up a path where none but goats or the Corse hunter might venture.

Tonino soon perceived what he sought; it was a flock of goats, but a dog only watched it; the shepherdess was absent, and that shepherdess was his betrothed. Anna Maria was not perhaps the prettiest girl of the *pieve*; but Tonino thought so, and what more did he want? Her large black eyes, her brown complexion, and the air of patient and resigned modesty which is stamped upon the countenance of the Corse women, were still more bewitching under the humble white veil which decked her on Sunday; and then Tonino was not the only one who thought her pretty.

He called aloud—Anna Maria; no one answered; the old echo of the mountain of Bastelica alone repeated—Anna Maria. Sad and disheartened, Tonino cast about him an unsettled look; a noise was heard in the bushes; the young man trembled. *Anna Maria sei tu?* cried he, and darted towards the spot, but what was his surprise to see emerging from the bushes, the long plume, the high carbine, the tall and slender form of his noble cousin, the lord of Guiterra! His dark and haughty visage wore an expression that was not usual with it; and evident embarrassment, mingled with shame and anger, was painted upon it, and his usually pale forehead was at this moment red as the strawberry. Have you made a good hunt, *cho padrone?* inquired Tonino. But this question was only propounded to lay the way for another. Have you seen Anna Maria? Have you seen her? he repeated, astonished at not receiving a direct answer. No, answered the other, in a sharp tone, and avoiding to encounter the penetrating look of the young man, then he added with more boldness—I have had a good chase, but the game has escaped me; I know where I shall find it—good luck to you, Tonino, and he was about to resume his way, but suddenly stopped, drew from his close coat pocket a purse and a necklace, with a cross of coral. I have procured this for thy bride; thou wilt take upon thyself the charge of making her accept it. Tonino, delighted, was about to overwhelm him with thanks, when, on meeting the look of his patron, it struck him that he read in it something which dispensed with gratitude; it was a confused and inexplicable mixture of contempt and mockery. The latter, making with his hand a gesture of adieu and impatience, turned rapidly away, and disappeared in the forest.

Tonino had not well understood him, but a secret uneasiness told him that all this did not presage any good. He called again to Anna Maria; this time the dog came to him, and the heart of Tonino began again to beat. Ha! Genoese, said he to the dog who caressed him, canst thou not tell me where is thy mistress? The intelligent animal conducted Tonino towards a more distant path, and stopped at the entrance, as if to say—this is the way. The young man darted upon the track which was thus pointed out. This path soon led him to the other side of the forest. Before him the mountain elevated its naked and barren head, which he would be able to reach in a short time, and from whence he could have a view of the whole surrounding country; he did not hesitate, but continued on his route, every moment more impatient, proceeding more rapidly, and spite of himself filled with a fatal presentiment. At length he discovered his mistress. She was seated upon a large stone on the very brink of a precipice; the mountain abruptly cut off in this place, presented only a long wall of reddish granite, studded here and there with a few bushes; at the bottom of the abyss, a torrent, which was heard but could not be seen, thnndered beneath the rocks to an immense depth. The whole scene, in sad harmony with the first appearance of the picture, inspired a melancholy mingled with a degree of terror. Such was the rendezvous which Anna Maria had chosen for her betrothed! On perceiving him she uttered a cry; a convulsive trembling seized her limbs; her lover wished to place himself by her side, clasp her in his arms, but she recoiled with horror. "Touch me not," said Maria; and she went and seated herself at the other extremity of the rocks, on the very verge of the precipice, which seemed to inspire her with less dread than her lover.

The poor Tonino remained motionless; the cross of coral shone in his hands; suddenly Maria recovered from her stupor. Hast thou seen him? said she, with a startling earnestness; and her face which she strove to conceal with her hands, was covered with red. A frightful gleam burst upon the mind of Tonino. Yes. I have seen him, answered he, casting on her an inquiring look; I have seen him, he repeated, and it is he who has encharged me —— He dared not finish; a thousand horrid thoughts, a thousand poignards at once pierced his heart, and his hand ceased its hold of the cross as if it had been fire. Anna Maria pushed it with her foot over the precipice. What meanest thou, said he, frightened at this gesture, which confirmed all his suspicions, what meanest thou? Has he wished—? Is this the price —— of dishonor; yes! revenge me, this cross is mine, I go to rejoin it; and she darted into the abyss.

The next day, never had a more beautiful sun illuminated that vast plateau which extends from the mountains of Guiterra to the summit of Bastelica; the long prairies, changed in the rainy season into so many marshes, which were disguised by a short and stinted grass, were then covered with a multitude of mountaineers, all armed with long fusils, their pistols hanging upon their left thigh, and their short dagger stuck into their belt, were going to a festival like men who were marching to battle. The Corse hunter, indeed, was a stranger to gayety; incessantly occupied in projects of intrigue or of vengeance, he rarely mingled with a sex which he despised; and if you should chance to meet upon the road a group of young girls "with lightsome hearts," forgetting their servitude while no longer restrained by the presence of their fathers or husbands, and joining in the chorus of a melody a little more gay than usual, you would see them all at once silent on the approach of a troop of men, and lowering their black eyes to the earth, confused at having been caught amusing themselves without the permission of their lords and masters. But the crowd directed themselves towards a point of the plateau, where the perfectly smooth prairie extended out of sight, on one side towards the mountain of Guiterra, on the other side some moving and boggy lands, known and dreaded by all the shepherds of the country. A spot had been left vacant in the middle; tents were erected of boughs and bushes; and in the centre was one which overtopped all the others, as the seigneurial manor of Guiterra rose above the humble huts of the village—its noble possessor was seated under this tent, to witness the horse races, which annually draw together half of the Corse upon these elevated tracts of land.

There bounded at full liberty the little horses with long manes and fiery eye, which were to dispute the prize. It was not the least glory of the horsemen to seize by force of address these agile racers, to leap naked upon their back, which had often never borne a man, and, by a dexterously thrown cord, to imprison their mouth, which the bit had not yet wounded. At a given signal, all the competitors darted into the list, and getting the wind of the frightened horses, which the spectacle and the cries of the multitude astonished, they were soon masters of them, and rendered them as perfectly immovable as the best broken horse would be under the bit.

A single one yet remained free, and traversed the arena with a rapidity and violence which had defied the efforts of the boldest horsemen. A voice pronounced the name of Tonino, and the whole multitude repeated it; he alone, said they, was capable of succeeding. After seeking for him everywhere, they at length found him, solitary, standing before a coarsely carved image of Madonna, which overlooked the whole plain; his eyes, shining with a sullen fire, were fixed unquietly upon the tent of Seigneur Guiterra, whilst his hand thrust into his belt, played mechanically with the hilt of his dagger; but no one then made any remark. They only observed, that, when asked to enter the lists, he knelt devoutly before the Madonna, undoubtedly to implore the success of his enterprise. *Bon pro ti faccia*, good success, piously repeated the crowd, taking off their bonnet; and Tonino, without answering them, darted into the list with his accustomed celerity. He arrived near the difficult capture which he had to make, and stopped at fifty paces from the horse, whilst the latter, shaking his long mane, and snuffing up the air in his fiery nostrils, seemed at once ready to fly, or give battle; all eyes were fixed upon this interesting spectacle; every one retained his voice and even his breath, for fear of startling the savage animal, which this very silence frightened still more; the lord of Guiterra, more attentive than the rest, showed Tonino from a distance, a rifle wrought in silver, the prize which he destined for him, if he would succeed in his attempt.

But Tonino, anxious only for his prey, busied himself about that alone; fearing above all to let him escape, he drew from his *corghera* a heavy lead ball, cleft it slightly on four sides to receive the end of a long rope, and thus imitated the Peruvian lasso, of which he had perhaps heard some Italian adventurer speak, or which necessity had driven him to invent. The horse, however, astonished at the silence which had succeeded to the noise, and at the repose in which they left him, became gradually habituated to it; ere long, wheeling about, he presented his hind legs to Tonino, when the latter, seizing the propitious moment, glided or rather crept softly towards him, without more noise than the serpent makes in sliding through the grass, and whirling the fearful lasso two or three times in the air, he wound it with a marvellous address around the hind legs of the horse, who fell with the force of the blow. Tonino leapt upon him as the tiger upon his prey, gave him a heavy blow upon the ear, and rendering him submissive by the severity of the pain, passed around his head the other end of the lasso in the manner of a halter; then relaxing a little the band which fastened his legs, so as to allow him the faculty of moving, but hindering him from running away, he made him rise, and darting into the plain, wearied him by a thousand rapid evolutions to which he forced him to yield. The tamed animal at length submits to the will of its adroit rider, and the latter freeing him entirely from his fetters, leads him subdued before the seigneurial tent, while the applauses and the cries of joy made the echoes start for twenty miles around.

The lord of Guiterra himself could not refuse his tribute of praise to the intrepid horseman; he descended from his seat and advanced, holding in his hand the prize designed for the victor, to convey it to him who had so well earned it. Yet he trembled when he caught the eye of Tonino, marked his pale forehead, and his lip closely pressed between his teeth, a sure sign of approaching revenge, but trusting to his victim's silence which he believed he had bought, and to the cortege of armed men which surrounded him, he concealed his fear under an air of feigned benevolence and extended the gun to Tonino. The latter received it carelessly, and without that air of triumph which they expected to see in him, passed it over his back, and bound it there strongly, leaning all the while as if to answer to the marked eulogiums which the assassin of Anna Maria thought himself bound to make. With his left hand he drew the halter of his horse tight, and casting a look towards heaven and the multitude who contemplated him with an admiration mingled with anxiety, impatient to see him dart off at full speed on his ferocious beast, he whirled his formidable lasso around three times—the assassin paled and would have retreated, but it was now too late. The fatal lead went whistling around his legs and threw him down. Immediately burying his stiletto in the flank of his horse, and animating him by that savage cry, peculiar to a Corse cavalier, Tonino urged him with the rapidity of lightning upon the level green, whose vast carpet parted before him. They would have pursued him, but the vigorous courser, incessantly spurred on, and terrified by the unusual weight which he dragged after him, at every moment redoubled in speed; the screams of his victim, who from time to time raised his bloody head as he bounded along, animated the steed still more, and he left far behind him all those who had undertaken to follow. Arrived at the deceitful limit of the plain, to those dangerous marshes where every step may bring death, the crowd stopped; but Tonino, his horse and his victim stopped not. In their rapid course they were seen still to advance, plunging deeper into that perfidious ground, and by degrees to disappear. The followers thought they could perceive Tonino far off, dismounted from his horse, plunge the lacerated body of his enemy into this moving tomb, where he was about to sink himself; the exhausted horse still supported his panting head for some time above the grass, and disappeared in turn. At length nothing more was seen, and never since that fatal day has anything been heard of the lord of Guiterra, or of his courser.

Some have related that a mountaineer with a long rifle, wrought in silver, afterwards met with an honorable death in the ranks of the Corses, engaged in the service of France, under Sampiero the goatherd; but the tradition of the country, which guarantees the rest, does not affirm that this warrior was Tonino Guiterra.

HEATING AND LIGHTING CITIES BY THE POWER OF THE TIDES.—Sir Humphrey Davy once remarked that people need have no anxiety in regard to the exhaustion of the coal mines, for long before that was effected some cheap mode would be discovered of decomposing water, and this would furnish an unlimited supply of fuel. This prophecy is already accomplished. If all the coal mines in the world should spontaneously take fire and burn up, it is now in the power of science and art to extract boundless quantities of heat and light from the rivers and seas. By magneto-electric machines, water may be decomposed without any expenditure except that of mechanical power, and some recent improvements in these machines, by which their power of decomposition has been greatly increased, have suggested this article. As hydrogen can be obtained in unlimited quantities merely by mechanical power, we have only to make suitable arrangements to avail ourselves of the great forces of nature in order to get all the fuel and light we want, without any current expenses whatever, except the trifling one of keeping the apparatus in order. The tide, as it sweeps through Hell Gate four times in 24 hours, probably exerts sufficient powers to turn enough magneto-electric machinery to decompose water and furnish hydrogen for all the mechanical and domestic purposes for which fuel and light are required in this city! Here is an opening for a discovery which will be eminent among the marvels even of this wonderful age. In place of the enormous expenditure at present incurred for fuel and gas, our steam engines may be driven, and our dwellings may be warmed and lighted by the perpetual and undiminishing power of gravitation.—*Scientific American.*

WOMAN'S COURAGE AND ENDURANCE.—We have heard a good many stories of woman's courage and powers of endurance, but the following instance, which occurred a few days since in a town in the western part of Massachusetts, is one of the strongest which has recently come under our notice. A lady who had some fine fowl, and takes pride in them, had lost several by the depredations of a skunk—an animal known to the refined as a Connecticut essence pedler. One night she discovered his pedlership in the very act, and seizing him by the tail and the nape of the neck, carried him through the house to some person in it, whom she requested to cut the rogue's throat, and he did it. Can the annals of female valor in Rome, Sparta, France, or Yankeeland beat that?

A LECTURE ON BILLIARDS.

"Oh, you're very late, to-night. *It's not late?* Well, then, it isn't—that's all. Of course, a woman can never tell when it's late. You were late on Tuesday, too; a little late on the Friday before; on the Wednesday before that—now, you needn't twist about in that manner; I'm not going to say anything—no; for I see it's now no use. Once, I own, it used to fret me when you staid out; but that's all over; you've now brought me to that state, Caudle—and it's your own fault, entirely—that I don't care whether you ever come home or not. I never thought I could be brought to think so little of you; but you've done it; you've been treading on the worm for these twenty years, and it's turned at last.

"Now, I'm not going to quarrel; that's all over; I don't feel enough for you to quarrel with—I don't, Caudle, as true as I'm in this bed. All I want of you is—any other man would speak to his wife, and not lie there like a log—all I want is this. Just tell me where you were on Tuesday? You were not at dear mother's, though you know she's not well, and you know she thinks of leaving the dear children her money; but you never had any feeling for anybody belonging to me. And you were not at your club; no, I know that. And you were not at any theatre. *How do I know?* Ha, Mr. Caudle! I only wish I didn't know. No; you were not at any of these places; but I know well enough where you were. *Then why do I ask, if I know?* That's it; just to prove what a hypocrite you are; just to show you that you can't deceive me.

"So, Mr. Caudle—you've turned billiard player, sir. *Only once?* That's quite enough; you might as well play a thousand times; for you're a lost man, Caudle. Only once, indeed. I wonder, if I was to say 'Only once,' what would you say to me? But, of course, a man can do no wrong in anything.

"And you're a lord of the creation, Mr. Caudle; and you can stay away from the comforts of your blessed fireside, and the society of your wife and children—though, to be sure, you never thought anything of them—to push ivory balls about with a long stick upon a green table cloth. What pleasure any man can take in such stuff must astonish any sensible woman. I pity you, Caudle!

"And you can go and do nothing but make 'cannons'—for that's the gibberish they talk at billiards—when there's the manly and athletic game of cribbage, as my poor grandmother used to call it, at your own hearth. You can go into a billiard-room—you, a respectable tradesman, or as you set yourself up for one; for, if the world knew all, there's very little respectability in you—you can go and play billiards with a set of creatures in mustachios, when you might take a nice quiet hand with me at home. But no! anything but cribbage with your own wife!

"Caudle, it's all over now; you've gone to destruction. I never knew a man enter a billiard-room that he wasn't lost forever. There was my uncle Wardle—a better man never broke the bread of life; he took to billiards, and he didn't live with aunt a month afterwards. *A lucky fellow?* And that's what you call a man who leaves his wife—a 'lucky fellow?' But, to be sure, what can I expect? We shall not be together long, now; it's been some time coming, but, at last, we must separate; and the wife I've been to you!

"But I know who it is; it's that fiend, Prettyman; I *will* call him a fiend, and I'm by no means a foolish woman; you'd no more have thought of billiards than a goose, if it hadn't been for him. Now, it's no use, Caudle, your telling me that you've only been once, and that you can't hit a ball anyhow—you'll soon get over all that; and then you'll never be at home. You'll be a marked man, Caudle; yes, marked; there'll be something about you that'll be dreadful; for if I couldn't tell a billiard player by his looks, I've no eyes, that's all. That all of 'em look as yellow as parchment, and wear mustachios—I suppose you'll let yours grow, now; though they'll be a good deal trouble to come, I know that. Yes, they've all a yellow and sly look; just for all as if they were first cousins to people that picked pockets. And that will be your case, Caudle; in six months, the dear children won't know their own father.

"Well, if I know myself at all, I could have borne anything but billiards. The companions you'll find! The captains that will be always borrowing fifty pounds of you! I tell you, Caudle, a billiard-room's a place where ruin of all sorts is made easy, I may say, to the lowest understanding—so you can't miss it. It's a chapel of ease for the devil to preach in—don't tell me not to be eloquent; I don't know what you mean, Mr. Caudle, and I shall be just as eloquent as I like. But I never can open my lips—and it isn't often, goodness knows—that I'm not insulted.

"No, I won't be quiet on this matter; I won't Caudle; on any other, I wouldn't say a word—and you know it—if you didn't like it; but on this matter, I *will* speak. I know you can't play at billiards; and never could learn—I dare say not; but that makes it all the worse, for look at the money you'll lose; see the ruin you'll be brought to. It's no use your telling me you'll not play—now you can't help it. And nicely you'll be eaten up. Don't talk to me; dear aunt told me all about it. The lots of fellows that go every day into billiard-rooms to get their dinners, just as a fox sneaks into a farm-yard to look about him for a fat goose, and they'll eat you up, Caudle; I know they will.

"Billiard-ball, indeed! Well, in my time, I've been over Woolwich Arsenal—you were sometimes like a man, then, for it was just before we were married—and then, I saw all sorts of balls; mountains of 'em, to be shot away at churches, and into people's peaceable habitations, breaking the china, and nobody knows what—I say, I've seen all these balls—well, I know I've said that before; but I choose to say it again—and there's not one end of 'em, iron as they are, that could do half the mischief of a billiard ball. That's a ball, Caudle, that's gone clean through many a wife's heart, to say nothing of her children. And that's a ball, that night and day you'll be destroying your family with. Don't tell me you'll not play? When a man's once given to it—as my poor aunt used to say—the devil's always tempting him with a ball, as he tempted Eve with an apple.

"I shall never think of being happy any more. No; that's quite out of the question. You'll be there every night—I know you will; better than you, so don't deny it—every night over that wicked green cloth. Green, indeed! It's red, crimson red, Caudle, if you could only properly see it—crimson red, with the hearts those balls have broken. Don't tell me not to be pathetic—I shall; as pathetic as it suits me. I suppose I may speak. However, I've done. It's all settled now. You're a billiard-player, and I'm a wretched woman."

"I did not deny either position," writes Caudle, "and for this reason—I wanted to sleep."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. TURNER.—"Mr. John Bishop bets James Turner fifty dollars ($50) that his gray pony, pacer, beats his horse, trotter, in a two mile dash on the Fashion Course, Long Island; Bishop to drive his own horse; Turner to drive or find a driver; to come off the 27th of August, 1861, between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock P. M. The match to be P. P. The amount of the stakes are now in the hands of the stakeholder, Patrick McMahon, who will hand them over to the winner on the night of the race. JAMES TURNER. J. BISHOP."

"The 27th of August being the day that this race was appointed to come off, Mr. Bishop and I met at the place named, and on Bishop seeing the horse that I was going to trot, he objected to start, giving for his reason that the horse I was going to start was not the horse that he thought I was going to bring against him. On his refusing to start, I selected one judge, and the proprietor of the track chose another, and the two selected a referee. My horse was started and driven the distance. The judges awarded me the race, after reading the articles. Did I not win?".....The articles of agreement seem to have been very loosely drawn up, but as they were as fair for one as for the other, they must stand. In accordance with your statement, and in the absence of any statement from the other party, our opinion is, that the decision in your favor rendered by the judges, is correct.

M. H. GUELPH, C. W.—"A cricket match was played here, Monday, Aug. 26th, Union vs. Victoria, and was finished about 3 o'clock P. M. By mutual agreement a return match was played, to be decided in one innings. The Victorias took the bat, and scored 22. Can the Unions claim the game when they score the number or have all to take their innings, and the game be decided by runs?".....When the Unions had scored sufficient runs to win (23), the match was at an end, and they were the victors.

DUNCAN, New York.—If your lungs are in no way affected, running would be as good an exercise as you could engage in. Commence by running short distances daily, at a moderate speed, and afterwards gradually increase both speed and distance, and you will soon acknowledge and appreciate the benefit derived therefrom, and your 'bellows' will soon be put in tolerable good order.

DOLPH, Buffalo, N. Y.—*Cribbage*—"The dealer, in dealing the cards, comes to a faced card. The question is has he a right to claim a new deal on account of said faced card?.....We infer from the manner you put the question, that the "turned card" was not the fault of the dealer; if so, he could claim a new deal.

SUBSCRIBER, Pawlet, Vt.—Yes, the government is in want of good, able bodied seamen, and just now they command good wages. Perhaps, however, before coming this way, you had better write to the chief officer of the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, who will post you further.

EDDY, Brooklyn.—"A and B are playing chequers. The former has a chance to "jump" and does not; does not B have the right to take or "huff" A's piece?".....Yes, he has that right, or he may compel A to take, whichever he [B] pleases.

BILLY BUCK.—We have not the date by us, but our impression is, that she was built in 1857, for the regular trade, but was used for the private purpose named before being put on the line.

BANJO BOB, St. Thomas, C. W.—We presume you can procure it of Mr. Dobson, whose advertisement you have doubtless seen in the CLIPPER.

GAME COCK, Saratoga.—We received it, and have made a note on it elsewhere.

F. W.—"Which city contains most houses, New York or Philadelphia?".....Philadelphia.

P. MCG.—Gradually accustom them to heavier work. Begin very light, and increase the strain on them as you find they improve.

J. T. C., Boston.—One of Hoe's single cylinders will answer. It can be worked by hand or steam.

B. T., Cincinnati.—John C. Heenan is in Washington, but not in the army.

JOHN, Boston.—Ace, counting as low, gives the deal to your opponent.

J. J.—A "regular" physician should be consulted at once.

EDDY JACKSON.—We are not posted in "lunar influences."

J. W. CORNWALL.—The ace is counted both ways.

S. W. M., Philadelphia.—The Rebecca is a sloop.

OUR GLORIOUS 4TH.—Respectfully declined.

JAMES HEENAN.—A letter for you.

THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

ANOTHER CHALLENGE TO ALL ENGLAND.

JACK McDONALD OFFERS TO MATCH HEENAN FOR $5000.

Things begin to look interesting. We have already published Heenan's challenge to fight any man in England for *ten thousand dollars*, and we have also given Mace's reply to the challenge, wherein he offers to meet Heenan for *twenty five hundred dollars*. We now have another offer on the part of Heenan, put forth by Jack McDonald, his former trainer, who offers to match Heenan to fight any man in England for *five thousand dollars* a side, and allow two thousand dollars to fight in Canada. The following is the challenge, as it appeared in the London *Sporting Life*:—

SIR—I will match Heenan to fight any man in England for £1,000 a side, and will give £400 for expenses to fight in Canada. This they cannot object to as he will be fighting amongst his own countrymen, and 600 miles from Heenan's friends. The match to come off in April next; the money not to be given up till won or lost by a fair stand-up fight. Should this suit any of our champions, I am prepared to stake £100 any day they may appoint, and draw up articles. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Aug. 16. JOHN MCDONALD.

This Challenge, it will be seen, was published *after* Mace had agreed to fight for $2500, in answer to Heenan's ten thousand dollar challenge, and was probably made in accordance with instructions from this side, as a compromise, or half way measure. Heenan challenged to fight for ten thousand dollars—Mace named $2500—McDonald now steps in, and proposes $5000. If Mace should refuse to accept the last named sum, surely there can be found some pugilist in England to take up the offer. If not, we shall certainly come to the conclusion that the Prize Ring of England is going to decay, and that the Briton, in a physical point of view, is degenerating. Should Mace, or any other man accept, he will only have to stake $3600 should he agree to fight in Canada, while Heenan will have to stake $5000, so that the sum will only be $500 more than that named by Mace. By the next steamer we may have a response to McDonald's challenge.

Heenan must not be too sure of his game, however. He made a good fight with Sayers, after a losing one with John Morrissey. His experience in the ring includes those two battles only. In his fight with Sayers, Heenan was skillfully generalled and kept in subjection by McDonald. *McDonald will not be permitted to rule him in any future encounter.* He may second him, but Heenan will use his own judgment, in a great measure. After he returned from England, Heenan told us that he felt certain that he could have whipped Sayers in fifteen minutes had he been permitted to go in, and force the fighting. On this point we differed with him, and so we told him at the time. We argued that had he rushed in, Sayers might have closed both his eyes before he (Heenan) had had a chance to find out Sayers' tactics. We think McDonald acted judiciously. He is a very observing man, and cool and cautious. Heenan, on the other hand, is impetuous; and with such generals as Sayers and Mace, a man must have his wits about him. Superior strength will not always prevail. Good generalship is necessary to success. So the Benicia Boy must not hold Mace too cheaply, even though he is inferior in size. He is a splendid boxer, shrewd "as they make 'em," and has already defeated a bigger man than Heenan. He is in constant practice, while, on the other hand, Heenan seldom puts up his hands. If Mace accepts as we have before stated, the fight will take place in England. Heenan would prefer to fight in Canada. The present month will probably settle the question one way or another.

WHERE ARE THEY?—What has become of "White, of Gateshead, and his fellow pedestrians, who came over here on a secret expedition to "run foot races," and take in the flats? We have lost track of them since they made such a miserable financial failure on Long Island. Searles flew the track when we exposed him, and it is likely that the other party has followed suit.

HATTERAS INLET.—This famous retreat has been turned into an outlet by Gen. Butler. Com. Barron and his forces were the first to try the passage out.

BILLIARDS.

The science of the game was elaborately illustrated on Monday evening, 26th ult., at the billiard palace of Michael Phelan, corner of Tenth street and Broadway. The affair was hastily gotten up by the friends of White, the veteran player, as a testimonial of their acknowledgement of his curious abilities, and as a benefit for him, the admission fee being set at fifty cents per "looker on." Contrary to expectation, the room in which it took place was well filled, in both senses of the term. At 8 o'clock, play was commenced by Messrs. Phelan and White, when both players made some magnificent shots, their principal object being, evidently, to illustrate the science in its varied phases, rather than making long counts. Both were frequently applauded. The game, of 250 points, was finally won by Mr. Phelan, when Mr. White resigned the cue in favor of Dudley Kavanagh, of Fulton street, a young, but very promising player, destined 'ere long to fill the post of Champion of America, and will, judging from his suavity of manner, and gentlemanly bearing to intimate and stranger, fill so distinguished a post with honor to himself and to the country he will represent, even as his predecessor—Phelan—has done. At about 9 o'clock, Kavanagh and Phelan commenced their set-to of 500 points, when different tactics were observed to those followed in the former game, each player making every effort to count as many and as rapidly as he could. Phelan had the advantage at the start, running 66 on his second turn at the cue, Kavanagh being then at 15. The latter gradually crept along, however, until at the ninth turn of each, Kavanagh stood 364 to Phelan's 265. This gap he further increased by running 49 on the next effort, and on the next but one 54 more, winding up by an accidental pocket, with the balls well together. After this, however, Phelan, who had not been making many large counts, at this stage of the game warmed up a little, and made in succession runs of 20, 33, and 64; a run of 40, however, made soon after by Kavanagh, and an awkward run of balls for his opponent, including an accidental pocket after a most brilliant shot, gave him so much the advantage, that Kavanagh finally scored "game" with a lead of 55 points. By the following summary, it will be seen that only twice did either player fail to count, Phelan's blanks being caused, one by an accidental pocket after counting, and the other by having but two balls to play on, one of which was in the string, his own being in hand, and the shot to be made being almost an impossibility. Kavanagh's were both "mis-cues." Here is the record of counts:—

Phelan.....	3	66	20	42	48	43	9	7	28	14	0	16	23	53	64	7	0	8	4	10	—445
Kavanagh..	7	8	20	56	63	52	30	9	30	49	3	54	5	33	22	6	0	40	0	13	—500

Phelan gave his opponent 12 points through accidental pockets and going off the table, and received 9 from him through the same sources. Phelan made some long hazards and caroms combined beautifully, more than once, and Kavanagh made a six shot by a draw carom, which brought down the house. It will be observed that Kavanagh's average is exactly 25 to the run, and Phelan's $22\frac{5}{22}$, which is sharp shooting to say the least, and not often excelled. Kavanagh afterwards executed in admirable style some of Berger's *masse* shots, but not, as yet, equal to the Frenchman, and being on an American table, were of course done under a disadvantage, as the French tables are much better adapted therefor. As it was, they gave great satisfaction to those present, and the whole affair pleased the connoisseurs in billiards present. The benefit for Mr. White, was, we are pleased to learn, a benefit indeed.

AN ENGLISH SPORT ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

It is by no means honorable to the European press, that it should have waited for the national troubles which now environ us, to sound its trumpets of condemnation for the past and warning for the future. We have only to take up the accredited organs of France and England, to receive proof of how glib people can be on a subject they know little or nothing about, and how boastful of superiority over that which, when it presented a front of unity, they were fain to approach with all becoming deference. Nor has the practice of bearing false and malignant witness against this Union been confined to the professional discussers of public affairs, or to those capable so far as ability goes. On the contrary, we have had to read, in addition to the revealments of "our own correspondent" or "special commissioner," the gratuitous essays of men whose prejudices against everything American are in exact proportion to their natural lack of all literary talent. A Russell has led forth a legion of men armed with the quill, and in the rear—in the last figure, indeed—we recognize that bright and hopeful gentleman, Grantley Berkeley!

He must have his say about the American crisis, and dashes off at full force in the columns of the London *Field*, a sporting sheet, of which, we believe, he is the editor. It is amusing to listen to what the "honorable" Grantley says in this connection—doubly amusing to those who know him, and can associate his antecedents with his present showing. An English sport, member of Parliament, Justice of the Peace, amateur actor, and dabbler in book writing, Mr. Berkeley has, in his time, played many parts, the latest of which are those of a tourist to the prairies of America, and lecturer on the political crisis of our country. It may be remembered that the "honorable" Grantley's stay with us was not very long—one of its most important features being his interview with John C. Heenan—when he (Berkeley) who had said and written so much about "punching heads," admonished "Benish" not to hit him, though he had solicited the hero of Farnborough to "put up his hands," as an indication of his style of defence! In the States, this Mr. Berkeley made himself ridiculous enough, and more than ridiculous when he had left them. It was then that he wrote a book about us, full of falsehood, ignorance, and wretched gossip. It fell to the ground, of course, dead and dull as many of the birds the traveller had aimed at, or the rabbits and hares, for killing which, the illustrious G. B., if his testimony is to be accepted, had "punched the heads" of poor devils living in his whereabouts at home. But now another book succeeds it; for there is civil war in the great American Republic, and our brave English sport must needs tell the world what he thinks about it!

He proceeds with little order, after starting from the conduct of the war. That, he insists, has been wretched, up to the date of his publication, and (all his venom seems directed to the federal and associated forces) quite antithetical to the good generalship and discipline of the Southern troops. Here the inspired Grantley jumps at the conclusion that the loyal States, whether triumphant over the 'secessers," or destined to become a distinct power, will have to support an immense standing army. By and by, we detect a little of the Russel flunkeyism, in what Mr. Berkeley urges, about the "aristocracy of Virginia," and the "rampant democracy of the North." Nobody will enquire the wherefore of this—knowing as we do, that both Russell and Berkeley, while among the lazy and luxurious planters of the South, realized an atmosphere kindred to themselves. There was the "elegant hospitality" of the F. F. V.'s to expatiate on, and the yearnings for "royal rule." How blissful a contemplation for both Russell and Berkeley, associated as the idea necessarily was, with an aristocracy personated by the "Star" of the London *Times*, and the duller luminary of the London *Field*!

It is delightful to watch how the "honorable" Grantley runs, jumps, and beats about in the course of his American chase. From the military to the civil, from the present to the future, and *vice versa* he goes on. Now, it is a lost battle; presently, the lack of a central power in the government; then, loose discipline and organization; anon, the ballot box. The last named affords our English sport a capital opportunity for having a fling at our elective system, which he illustrates under the elegant figure of "driving oxen to the shambles." The intelligent electors of America will be obliged to Mr. Berkeley for this simile, which, they will confess, is far more appropriate to such English constituencies as that represented by Mr. B. for several years, in the British Parliament, where poor, ignorant chaw bacons are marshalled at the polls, under the banner of the man who will either dispossess them of their homes or "punch their heads" if they dare to give their votes to any other man.

In adverting to the subject as we have, we must disclaim the faintest implication that such men as Russell and Berkely should be accepted as representatives of the general opinion in the place whence they come; the same also, as regards certain writers in France. It is not the masses of either France or England who think as these men talk, nor, in fact, any large aggregate of persons, except those blinded to the truth by the ties of neighborhood and self-interest. That such is the case, England itself gives the proof in the little amount of attention paid to the more recent letters of Mr. Russell, and the severe criticism they have received at the hands of really intelligent journalists. And if this is the case, where there is recognised talent and professional reputation, what must be the result where there is neither—where the sole considerations are ignorance and flippancy, based upon the most confirmed prejudice? Poor Grantley Berkeley! though so fluent about "punching the heads" of other people, we fear it would take very long to "punch" anything like wisdom out of yours.

A NAVAL VICTORY.—CAPTURE OF FORTS AND BATTERIES IN HATTERAS INLET.—The naval expedition which left Fortress Monroe, on secret service, under command of Major General Butler and Commodore Stringham, on the 26th ult., has, we are rejoiced to state, achieved a signal success—having caused the rebel fortifications at Hatteras Inlet, considered to be of immense importance in a military point of view, to fall beneath the attack made on them by the force sent out. The details of this brilliant and important affair will have been spread broadcast before the publication of the CLIPPER; therefore, it is unnecessary for us to do much more than allude to it, and as loyal Americans, to express our delight over this triumph of the Union arm. A few such brushes, on sea or land, would soon entirely crush the Rebellion, which, even as things are, is "hiding its diminished head," day by day. On referring to the list of prisoners, we see that a large number of officers of note on the other side are included.

INTERNATIONAL PEDESTRIAN MATCH.—By our recent foreign exchanges, we observe that Deer Foot, the American Indian, who has but recently planted his foot on British soil, and whose movements so far as they go have been chronicled by us, will not be allowed to let the grass grow under his feet, as he is already matched for two events, the first to take place at Hackney Wick, with Mills, in a race of six miles, for £25 a side and the Champion's belt for that distance, on September the 9th. The second contest takes place on the same grounds, on September the 23d, with the celebrated Pudney, the champion ten mile runner, and is also for £25 a side and the Champion's cup. Whether he is able to outfoot his opponents, who are both well versed in the tactics of pedestrianism as conducted there, as well as first class runners, remains to be seen.

NOT THE ONE.—The London *Sporting Life* of the latest date received, contains the following:—

"While upon American matters, we may mention that Doctor Rawlings, who came over as an *attache* of Heenan's during the period of the great fight, was recently shot dead by the rebels while 'scouting' for the Federal army, in which the Doctor held the rank of major. Rawlings, it will be remembered, wrote the certificate as to the state of Heenan's eye, the grammar of which was so much ridiculed at the time; but, upon the whole, the unfortunate 'Doctor' always gave us the idea of an exceedingly shrewd and pleasant fellow."

The *Sporting Life* will please undeceive its readers. It was not "that man," but another man whom the rebels shot. Rawlings, of Heenan renown, still lives.

SCOTTISH GAMES.—The annual Scottish games of the "New York Caledonian Club" will take place at Jones' Wood, on Thursday, Sept 5th, the proceeds of the festival to go towards the relief of the widows and orphans of those members of the 79th Regiment who were killed at the battle of Bull Run. Let every one who can, contribute his mite.

DEATH OF A CELEBRATED SCULLER.

THE LATE MR. A. A. CASAMAJOR.—The death of this gentleman, so prominently and honorably connected with aquatics in England, is recorded elsewhere in this week's CLIPPER. The following remarks thereon, by a leading medical authority, the London *Lancet*, are, however, so replete with interest to those who make the development of the *physique* by athletic exercises a study, that we here give them place in our columns. To sportsmen of whatever guild, and trainers of the same, they will prove instructive, and therefore should be read by them.

Mr. Casamajor, the celebrated sculler and able conductor of the aquatic department of *The Field*, died suddenly on the morning of Wednesday August 7th. Previous to his rowing for the diamond sculls at Henley, this summer, he had been suffering from an attack of rheumatism. Contrary to the advice of his friends, he entered into the contest, and it is natural to conclude that the rupture of the blood-vessel from which he died was consequent upon his exertions on that occasion. Friendly as we are to athletic sports this lamentable case suggests some reflections upon the evils which must occasionally arise from undue and prolonged physical exertion. No doubt the rheumatic attack of which Mr. Casamajor had been the subject, rendered him especially liable to the mischief which occurred. But his is not a solitary case; men in the prime of life, healthy and vigorous, have on many occasions irretrievably ruined themselves by intense and unnatural bodily exertion. The strain upon the vascular system during a prolonged and ardent struggle is so great that the astonishment is, not that fatal accidents occur, but that they happen so comparatively seldom. We say "so seldom," but we believe that injuries of a permanent though not of a fatal character occur much more frequently than is recorded. Cases constantly come under the notice of the medical practitioner of impaired health and of persistent disease consequent upon over strained bodily exertion. The call upon the powers of endurance has been such that healthy reaction could not take place, and, like the overbent bow, the human body has remained in a state of impaired power. It is well known that some of our most celebrated posture masters, clowns, and harlequins, have become prematurely old and decrepid as the results of the exercise of their calling. The athletic frame of the late Mr. Liston broke down in its prime from the great physical exertion that he underwent. He died from a disease which was fairly traceable to his steeplechases on foot, in which he distanced all competitors in his early morning scampers over the fields and hills in the neighborhood of London.

The evil effects resulting from overworking the brain are the theme of constant observation. How many a word of warning and of comment is recorded when a statesman like Sidney Herbert sinks in the zenith of his career from the overwork which he has undergone. Such comments and such warnings are equally applicable to those cases in which the body becomes shattered by overtasking the mere *physical* powers. In the present day of excitement and over-exertion of the powers of both body and mind, a word in season cannot be out of place. There is a fierce struggle going on. Competition is everywhere. We work as though the powers of the human system were inexhaustible. We travel for *pleasure* as if the amount of labor we undergo is to be regarded as the measure of our enjoyment. Thousands in this great city spend many anxious hours in their daily pursuits, then hurry off by railways long distances into the country, snatch a few hours of repose in the pure air of a rural district, and hurry off again in the morning, anxious and excited, to catch the early train that brings them again to the scene of their labors. The excitement goes on and is daily increasing; and yet we have occasionally sad warnings of the danger of overwork. Men fall dead from heart disease after a hurried journey to the station, and medical practitioners are acquainted with a serious class of maladies which have sprung up as the consequence of this overstraining of the faculties. Cases like that of the lamented Mr. Casamajor stand out in prominence from a host of others; but there are innumerable shades in the picture gradually shadowing off from the dark regions of death, to disease in a vast variety of forms. It would be well if we could gather something like experience from such facts, but the voice of warning falls too frequently on unwilling and unheeding ears.

THE AMERICAN CRICKET CLUB.—An interesting contest takes place on Thursday, Sept. 5, on the grounds of the New York Club, who have courteously placed them at the service of the parties, between the American Club and the Satellite; the occasion being the return game between them, the first of which was won by the American Club last fall. The game is called for 10 A. M., at which time the parties are expected to be in readiness, as the match is one day's play only, and it is desirable to begin early with a view of playing it out.

CRICKET CHALLENGE.—The Norwich Cricket Club, of Hamilton, N. Y., having challenged both the Union and Oneida clubs, of Utica, N. Y., and said challenge not having been accepted, they now announce that they will play any eleven resident cricketers of Utica, at an early day, at Hamilton. Address Norwich Cricket Club, P. O. Box 92, Norwich, Chenango Co., N. Y.

A QUEEN AMONG TEN PINS.—According to a Syracuse, N. Y., paper, they have "a large, fine looking lady in that city, with an eye like an eagle and a step like a queen," who is famous at ten pins. Miss Hoyt hails from the South, where she realized over $2000 at her favorite game. She handles the balls very gracefully, brings down the pins faster than the boys can put them up, and issues a standing challenge for all comers. It is said that she has leased an Alley, which, no doubt, will be well patronised.

GOING A-FISHING.—On Tuesday, 27th ult., a party of four gentlemen engaged Mr. A. Stillwell, boat-owner, of Fort Hamilton, to take them on the fishing ground, and in less than two hours returned with 237 weak fish, all of good size. Mr. Stillwell and his employes take particular pride in attending to their customers, and seem to be well posted in their avocation.

FISHING BANKS.—The sea steamer Croton, Capt. JAS. A. DUMONT, continues to make daily trips to the banks. The fine weather of the past few days has "turned up" large quantities of sea bass and porgies. All lovers of the sport should embrace the opportunity of a sail out to sea. Refreshments, fishing tackle, bait, &c., on board.

79TH REGIMENT.—The Scottish Games of the "New York Caledonian Club" will come off at Jones' Wood, on Thursday, Sept. 5th, 1861. The proceeds will be devoted to relieve the widows and orphans of the members of the 79th Regiment.

Tickets of admission 25 cents. 21-1t*

AQUATICS.

SEVENTH ANNUAL ROWING REGATTA OF THE EMPIRE CITY REGATTA CLUB, takes place Monday, September 16th, from Conrad's Garden. The club meets every Saturday evening at the National, 499 3d Avenue, near 35th street, where the programmes and large bills can be procured. STEPHEN ROBERTS, President.
JOHN SHERMAN, Secretary. 21-2t*

AQUATIC FESTIVAL.

ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE EMPIRE CITY REGATTA CLUB.

The seventh annual regatta of the Empire City Regatta Club has been fixed to come off from Conrad's Yorkville Park on Monday, September 16th. The regattas of this club have always been conducted on fair and manly principles, and have never failed to enlist the attention of the public at large. In these regattas some of the best oarsmen of the day have been brought into public notice. To give *eclat* to the coming festival, arrangements have been made on as liberal a scale as the present unfortunate state of the country will warrant, and the following programme is submitted for the consideration of oarsmen, both professional and amateur, and all others fond of the sport:—

EMPIRE CITY REGATTA CLUB—SEVENTH ANNUAL REGATTA—$400 IN PRIZES.—The seventh annual regatta of the Empire City Regatta Club will take place from Conrad's Yorkville Park, Monday, September 16th, 1861. A large and commodious platform, elevated several feet above the river, and entirely protected from the rays of the sun by a magnificent awning, has been erected by Mr. Conrad for dancing and promenading. Mr. C has kindly given the Club the exclusive use of this platform for the accommodation of ladies and gentlemen desirous of having an uninterrupted view of the Regatta. The banks of the East River, within the enclosure of the Garden are high, and afford ample accommodations for all. The entire course over which the boats will pass, will be viewed from this stand point. The trees of the Garden afford ample shade, and render the place inviting for ladies and families. A detachment of police will be on the ground to maintain strict order. As the getting up of this Regatta, like the former ones, is truly a labor of love on the part of the members of the club, it is sincerely hoped that their endeavors will be duly appreciated and properly patronized. An entrance fee to the Garden of twenty five cents will be charged, to defray the incidental expenses, and pay the prizes awarded, and the Club is convinced that it mistakes not the character of the admirers of aquatic sports, in its opinion that none will evade the payment of so small a fee. A printed programme of the race, which will designate the position, number and colors of each boat, will be furnished all those who pay the entrance fee. Printed rules governing the regatta will be furnished by the Secretary, John Sherman, 499 Third avenue, near Thirty sixth street. Champion flags in each race to be carried by the winning boat, and then to be given to the winning boat in the regatta of 1862. The course will be five miles, measured, with three turns. The following is a list of the prizes:—

First Race—To start at 1¼ P. M; 17 feet boats; no outriggers allowed; two pairs sculls. First prize—champion flag and purse—$20; second prize, $10; third prize—entrance fee—$3.

Second Race—For six oared lap streak boats; for amateur oarsmen only. First prize, champion flag and silver pitcher; second prize—the entrance fee—$5.

Third Race—Four oared boats—no restrictions. First prize—champion flag and purse—$100; second prize, $25; third prize—the entrance fee—$10.

Fourth Race—Champion sculls—no restrictions. First prize—champion flag and purse—$50; second prize, $20; third prize—entrance fee—$5.

Judges—J. D. R. Putman, of Brooklyn; Captain A. Barker, of Bergen; Luman B. Wing; Robert Foster; Andrew Magown, of Harlem; G. W. Thompson, of Harlem; Judge Voorhies, of Brooklyn; Benj. F. Odell, of Newburg; David Pollock, of Saltersville. The judges will be known by a tri-color rosette.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

Rule First.—The boats shall start from the Judges' Boat, anchored off Conrad's Garden, and row up the Harlem river to a stake boat, off the foot of 116th street, which stake boat they shall turn from the West to the East, or from the New York shore towards the shore of Ward's Island, then row down the river to the Judges' boat, off Ninety third street, which they shall turn from the West to the East, or from the New York shore to the Long Island shore, then up to the stake boat, foot of 116th street, turning the same as before, and then back to the place of starting—passing the Judges' boat on either side to complete the race—making five miles, including three turns.

Rule Second.—These races shall take place on the waters adjacent to Conrad's Yorkville Park, on Monday, September 16th, 1861; three boats or more of each class to make a race.

Rule Third.—The boats will get ready by the sound of the Bugle, and in ten minutes from that time, the Judges shall start the boats by the firing of a gun from the Judges' boat.

Rule Fourth.—Each boat in the race shall carry a colored flag and staff, to be furnished by the Club.

Rule Fifth.—The boats shall draw for choice of position, at a meeting of the Club, on the evening of the 14th of September, 1861, at the National, 499 Third avenue, and all boats entering after that date shall take position as they enter.

Rule Sixth.—All boats to be entered on or before the 14th day of September. A boat entering after that time must pay one half the entrance fee additional to the original amount, unless said boat should be one of the three required by these rules to make a race.

Rule Seventh.—Any person of good moral character may become a member of this Club, on the payment of Three Dollars initiation fee.

Rule Eighth.—All boats to be entered at the National, 499 Third avenue, near 36th street; at the Exchange 369 South street, or at J. Gazely's, 164 West street. The entrance fee to be paid, the name of the boat registered, the name or names of the crew and the color of their uniform designated.

Rule Ninth.—If boats get foul, they must separate as best they can. The crews not to put their hands to another boat or boats to pull or shove for the purpose of extricating themselves. If any boat wantonly or maliciously interferes with the progress of another boat, they shall be ruled out of the race, and any boat not complying with these rules shall be declared out of the race and deprived of its benefits.

Rule Tenth.—The number of Judges shall be nine, and two of these shall be placed in the upper stake boat. The decision of these Judges shall be final, unless such decision should conflict with any of the rules governing this race.

Rule Eventh.—The prizes will be delivered at a meeting of the Club, to be convened for that purpose, at the National, 499 Third avenue, near 36th street.

The members of the Club will wear a designating mark, and will exert their influence in maintaining order.

STEPHEN ROBERTS, President.
CHRIS. THOMS, Vice President.
JOHN SHERMAN, Secretary.
CHARLES C. COTTE Treasurer.

The Regatta will take place on the flood tide, and the race course will be buoyed off fifteen days previous to the day of the Regatta. The Second and Third avenue Cars will convey passengers within a short distance of the Regatta course, 86th st., at a fare of 6 cents.

REGATTA AT WHITESTONE, L. I.—A numerous muster of sailing craft answered the call to "fall in" for a test of their qualities, at the above named place on Saturday, the 31st ult. Three descriptions of "flyers" entered, namely, cat, jio, and mainsail rigged boats, under 40 feet keel. A stiff breeze prevailed throughout the day, and the weather was fine and every way favorable for the development of aquatic sport, much to the delight of the mariners, amateur and professional then and there present, ashore and afloat, and which might have been counted by hundreds. Twelve boats took part in the race altogether. These of the first class were restricted to from thirty one to forty feet keel, $75 prize. Those of the second, twenty-three to thirty feet, $50 prize; and those of the third under twenty-three feet, $25. The following is a table giving the names of the respective boats, names of captains, length, etc.:—

	Length. Ft.	In.
FIRST CLASS		
Louise, Captain Bigly	31	6½
H. D. Van Nostrand, Captain Smith	32	3
SECOND CLASS.		
Unknown, Captain ——	28	00
D C, Captain Ryder	27	00
A. Partridge, Captain Latham	25	10
THIRD CLASS.		
F. H Tiffany, Captain Phillips	20	00
Peter Squires, Captain O Brien	22	6
Silvia, Captain Sands	20	00
Belinda, Captain Hamilton	21	11
Henry Moore, Captain Luke Rushton	21	8
Fawo, Captain Smith	20	00
Amica, Captain Morris	14	3

The course run was from the judges' boat, off Hover's Hotel, Whitestone, to a stake boat off Udell's Mill, Little Neck Bay, thence to a stake boat near Cove buoy, off City Island, thence to a stake boat off the eastern end of Riker's Island, thence back to the judges' boat passing it on the inside and repeat coming in between the judges' boat and the dock, a distance of about thirty miles in all.

The start was delayed from 10 o'clock A. M. to 12¼ P. M., when, all having announced their readiness to cast off, the booming of the cannon on the judges' boat gave the anxiously listened for signal, for the third class boats to get under weigh; the same signal was also given at three minutes intervals, for the second and first class boats respectively, to loosen from their moorings and be off for the race. The adjacent waters were speedily dotted with the white sails of the various craft, in and out of the race, which, with the bright sun sparkling in diamond brilliancy on the water, gave a pleasing and animating scene to the beholder. A spirited race ensued, and considerable excitement was manifested as the various boats passed and re-passed each other, as the wind favored this or that one, according to their canvas, etc., and position. After rounding the stake boat at Riker's Island, the Sylvia, Amica, and Henry Moore, beat a retreat, the two former being "nowhar," and without a chance to win; while the latter, unfortunately met with an accident. After a beautifully sailed race of about five hours duration, the various craft began to arrive at the winning goal, the following being the successful competitors in their respective classes:—First class, H. D. Van Nostrand, in 4 h. 4¾ min; second class, Alfred Partridge, 4 h. 44 min.; third class, Fawo, 5 h. 17 min., the quickest time having been made by the Partridge. The judges were Messrs. Graham, Bailey, and Udell.

REGATTA ON THE HUDSON.—On Thursday afternoon, August 29th, a yacht regatta was announced to eventuate from McGeehan's Basin,

at the foot of Van Voorst street, Jersey City. The announcement created quite a lively sensation among the patrons of aquatic pleasures, and there was a livelier competition anticipated than was witnessed upon any similar occasion this season. Yachting, as a general thing, is a very unreliable pastime, for in nine cases out of ten the day appointed for a contest will be just the day that is least adapted to it. This fact has been demonstrated at least three or four times within the last six weeks. Like every other species of sport, this department has its disciples and devotees. There are those among us who would forego every other pleasure in the world to witness a lively yacht or boat race, and those people always improve the opportunity of so doing. Unhappily for them, the clerk of the weather always seems to "go back on them," and thus they are denied the pleasure which they covet most. No true lover of sport can find fault with, or sneer at the taste of the patrons of aquatic contests, for what can be more exciting or interesting than to witness a number of jib and mainsail rigged little yachts, well manned, side by side, each tiny little creature flying through her native element, but still depending upon the guidance of her shrewd and experienced pilots for the honors she may gain.

The Regatta of Thursday was a failure. Circumstances were unfavorable to the occasion in many respects. During the afternoon a large number of spectators were present, but owing to the light breeze but little interest was manifested in the race. There was little or no betting, and time hung heavily upon the "peoples' " shoulders. The entries effected were as follows:—Jib and mainsail rigged—Harvey G. Fowler, Crinoline, Blackbird, Bradish, Amphitrite, of Jersey City, and Baltic of Hoboken. Cat rigged (or second class)—Colleen Bawn, of Jersey City; Hilliard, of Penny Bridge; Fearless, of Jersey City; and Jane Vernon, of Salteraville. From the start the boats made but slow headway, owing to the very light wind prevailing. At two P. M. they left the stake boat and started from thence around Robin's Reef Buoy three times. At some points of the race their fast sailing was an interesting spectacle to behold, but those flights of speed were only at intervals, when a slight breeze arose to relieve the general calmness prevailing throughout the contest. The winning boats came in between seven and eight o'clock, numbering as follows:—Jib and mainsail rigged—first prize, the Fowler; second, the Blackbird. Cat rigged—Harry Hilliard. Had the breeze been a little livelier, this would have been a splendid and exciting race. The Harvey Fowler is a fast sailor, and "rides the water like a thing of life." The Blackbird is also a fine speedy yacht, and at times actually seems to jump out of the water. It is hoped that a more auspicious occasion will be offered to those little sylphs to test their sailing abilities.

A YACHT RACE, for $300 a side, is to take place on Monday, the 16th inst., off City Island, between the Charm, of New York, and Commodore of Brooklyn. Speculation is rife between the admirers of the two boats.

THE RING.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48-tf

THE EAGLE.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 223 Centre street, one door from Grand. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. 35-tf

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters, No. 282½ Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr. Mat Glenn. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of the best quality, on hand, and THE CLIPPER and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed. 45-tf

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb Mike Madden, Gillam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 8-5t*

JACK BATH.—THE BEEHIVE, 213 Elizabeth street, near Prince, returns his sincere thanks to his friends and patrons, for their kind assistance since taking the above premises, and begs to inform them that the old B is always to be caught at home endeavoring to lay up a winter stock for the inmates of the new hive. Finest of Ales, Wines, Liquors and Segars, always on hand, with all the sporting items of the day to be learned at the bar. N. B.—Gentlemen can be accommodated with private lessons in the noble art of self defence, at their own residences, on reasonable terms, given by Jack himself. 9 4t

A LITTLE MILL AT INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—A well contested little fight came off there on the 24 h ult., between the Tipton Slasher, (better known as Bill Walton of the Walking Battery,) and David Matthias, in which six rounds were fought, when the friends of both parties interfered, and separated them. It is thought that the Slasher will formally challenge his opponent to another set-to. The object of the present battle was to see who would be Champion of the Rolling Mill, in that place. They fought for $25 a side. The Slasher was seconded by Jack Lewis and John Burke, and the Walking Battery by Wm Fogarty and John Rummel. At twenty five minutes past ten o'clock, both stripped to the buff and commenced the fight.

Round 1. The Slasher stood with his left well out ready to let fly at the first opening, while he kept his right well guarded, but Matthias stood in an awkward position. At last the Slasher measured his distance and planted his left on Matthias' ivory box, drawing first blood and knocking him completely off his legs. 2 to 1 on the Slasher and no takers.

2 Both men came up cautiously, Matthias looking shy. They sparred in the middle of the ring for about three minutes, when they had some rapid in-fighting on both sides; presently they closed and fell side by side in the middle of the ring.

3. Both men up to the call of time. Slasher planted his right on the mark and left on the right peeper, sending Matthias to mother earth.

4 and 5. A repetition of the last; Matthias severely punished. 6 to 1 on Slasher.

6 and last. Slasher quickly up at the call of time, Matthias being very slow. Slasher determined to force the fighting, went in and put in his right on the ivory box, fetching the claret in torrents. At this stage of the fight the friends of both parties interfered, and the battle was drawn in favor of the Slasher.

REMARKS.

Nothing much can be said of the manner in which both men fought. Slasher has proved himself to be the best man of the two, and also a finished pugilist, while on the other hand, Matthias ought never to appear in the ring again; he has no judgement about him of what he is doing, and it seems almost impossible for him to use his hands. The fight lasted 13 minutes. The Slasher left the ring untouched, while Matthias was most severely punished about the head, both peepers being in mourning and his ivory box in a damaged condition.

TURN-UP.—Jim Heenan, brother to the champion, had a turn-up with Andy Hines, better known as "Figsy," on the 31st ult., in the neighborhood of Broadway and Prince street. Heenan was "chawed up" a little, and "Figsy" was considerably battered. All is fair in war times, you know, so they went in. Sergeant Wade arrested the belligerents, and took them to the station house, where they "went in" again. They were both subsequently bailed out.

OLD TOVEE will be in Hartford, Conn., this week, on a visit to his old friend Horton. Mr. Tovee will give a few exhibitions in Connecticut before he returns. Give the old man a lift, boys.

"AND MORE TOO!"—There's nothing like it; nearly every man solicited has "come down" with his phiz, and could your humble servant wait another month, there isn't the least doubt but the "outstanding dozen" might be in also. This week brings four more card photographs:—

Wm. Clarke, 189 Laurens street,
James Kelly, 13th street and Avenue B.
Ned Buntline, Holmes' Gallery,
Doctor Dixon, Holmes' Gallery.

All sent hereafter will be delivered to a friend, and by him taken care of till I return, so "don't be backward in coming forward."
Good-bye, fellers! ED. JAMES.

A JOLLY PARTY.—OPENING OF A NEW SPORTING HOUSE.—The grand supper, so long the talk of the sports, given to duly celebrate the safe passage of Israel from the Chatham Elysees to the Rue de Centre, came off with great eclat, at Monsieur Izzy's Chop House, No 223 Centre street, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 28. A select party were specially invited, and such a choice, talented company, as answered the call, spoke volumes for our host's prime judgment. At half-past eight, while all hands were congratulating each other about looking so well, young, and handsome, an angelic voice was heard underneath the room—this being altogether out of place, as the bangels (see Bath) never travel by underground railroads, every ear was directed to where the sound came from. "Gents, please step down stairs!" in *sotto voce*, started the honored guests to track the sumemous. Below stairs we found an immense table loaded down with all the delicacies and substantial things of the season, "fish, flesh, and fowl." Grace was forgotten, but a vigorous attack made on the defenceless chines of beef, roast lamb, mutton, veal, and duck, broiled chickens, hams, etc., with all the fixins thereunto appertaining; then followed, pies, puddings, cakes, in fact, everything called for. Some fifty were sensitive of a fulness the first call, and from nine o'clock till one, visitors kept "dropping in empty and coming out full," yet the tables were not half cleared till morn—so bountifully had the proprietor provided for the occasion. Izzy's better half, the blooming MRS. L., and Mlle. L., with her dazzling black eyes and classic features, were ever present in anticipating our wishes, assisted by men-servants and maid-servants in great numbers. The original fifty then organized into a sing song—Mr. Solomons taking the chair, and Mr. Watts our "worthy vice." Sol opened with a grand old ballad in rousing style, and Watts followed in an extemporaneous blast at the *Daily News*, in which sentiments he and the whole company have our own most decidedly. Bob Smith, of the "Bugle," sang an original version of "Free and Easy," bringing Gribbin, Bath, and Izzy into it, and so much was it appreciated, from that out we all felt perfectly acquainted and communicative: Bob struck a chord by his off hand, jolly way of doing things. Albert Braham, the great descriptive vocalist, for a long time at Broadway Music Hall, favored the company with several of his best, of which one dedicated to Ellsworth, and the "Glorious Vintage of Champagne," were rapturously encored. Bill Clarke, of the "Red Lamp" in Laurens street, chanted a hymn translated from the French, in long metre. Watts extemporized the Alphabet, adapting the letters to leading men of the times. Ould Jack Bath, "Beeswing," was out with a ditty about a Sailor and a Hindian Ger-r-l, for which he ought to be exempted from paying license any more. A returned volunteer rattled off "Jeremy Diddler" like Flora Temple on the home stretch; it wasn't bad, though. Ellis, in "Dark Arches," taught us a lesson not to be forgotten when we reach it: your hand on it, Mr. Chair. Izzy and Sol, Jr., also rendered a duet together magnificently, although the Living Skeleton did have to sit down while undergoing the operation: Sol, to show his versatility, also gave exact imitations of a music box, with solo and base in the same breath. Both Solomon and Albert Braham make Izzy's their house of call, and we hardly believe our friends will pass the door, knowing such to be the case. Many others distinguished themselves, and were eagerly listened to by Aaron Clarke, of Buffalo, Harry Hill, Dave Hastings, Harry Gribbin, Millage Cornell, Brummagem Bill, Solomons, Sr., Types, etc. We expected Soldier Dave to relate his experience, but he didn't. The grandest part of it, let us mention, was Harry Gribbin's "Invisible Chorus," pronounced by good judges to be superior to anything of Brignoli's or Pete Morris', or any other horse. Harry ought to apply for a sit at the Academy in Fourteenth street right away. At twelve many retired; but they missed the best part by so doing. A sport called on "Beeswing" for a bit of ventriloquism, which he readily complied with, and selected John Woods for a subject. John is supposed to be outside, and some spicy talk is exchanged because he can't get in; from words they come to blows, and such a scuffling ensues that a policeman, who had been feeding in the basement, actually thought a row was going on, and rushed up with drawn club to clear the room. Judge of his surprise to find every man sitting giggling on his chair, and the whole of them ranged round the room. The laugh was of course turned against him, but it goes to show Jack Bath is mighty smart in everything he undertakes. Altogether, a *better* night's fun we never passed; not the slightest sign of *emeutes*, but everything was lovely. Izzy Lazarus, with his sons, Harry and John, exerted themselves immensely to make all enjoy themselves, and hereafter, if you want a week's lodging, a good beefsteak or chop, the best liquors, prime segars, or all the comforts of a home, at Izzy's house you are sure to find them. A prettier little place than the Eagle Shades, 223 Centre street, is not to be found this side of High Bridge.

YOUNG NOBBY CLARKE IN CINCINNATI—HIS CHALLENGE.—DEAR CLIPPER.—Young Nobby Clarke, of Birmingham, who so recently made his *d-but* in this place, took a benefit last Saturday evening, at the Palace Garden, Vine street. Considering the unprecedented character of the times, and the *quid pro quo* demanded at the door, it was very evident that the rush for admittance was the consequence of a first-rate master of the pugilistic art, and not a mere tyro, presenting himself to illustrate the beautiful and essential accomplishment of self-defence. The entertainment was a medley of singing, dancing, and sparring, the latter being the "big thing" of the evening. Some of the singing and dancing was creditable, but these being fighting times, the mimic encounters monopolized the sympathies and approbation of the audience.

Johnny Loudon and Tom Brown first presented themselves, and made it apparent that they could not get on to each other so easily as they thought they could; it was a first-rate display of science. Mike McCoole was announced in the bills to spar with Loudon, but something unexpectedly intervened to prevent.

The next on the list were the beneficiare and Tom Ryan—a lilliputian and a Pat-agonian, a more than Sayers and Heenan disparity—but notwithstanding the seeming impossibility, the little fellow would throw the gloves into the "os frontis" of his lengthy antagonist, and escape with the usual result—"nobody hurt." Ryan is only a novice, but can use his mawleys considerably in the Sweetman style; they retired amid great applause.

Tom Brown and his "big brother" next essayed a display, and "je whillikers," such activity and scientific manipulations one seldom witnesses when *amateurs* don the mits. They retired—tired enough—having slipped and jumped over every inch of the stage as nimbly and gracefully as two French dancing masters, keeping up an accompaniment with the mufflers, amid immense enthusiasm.

The wind up was now announced, and Johnny Keaton and Young Nobby Clarke were introduced, the M. C. stating in behalf of Clarke, that he could be backed against any man of his weight in the world for from $100 to $1000. The bold *defi* was received with the most uproarious admiration, but I am afraid from the way the *great little* fellow handled himself in this set-to, he will not be able to get a match on at equal weights. Keaton is a promising, fine little fellow, but I do not think he could successfully compete with such a pocket Hercules as Clarke. Keaton takes a benefit at Mackey's saloon, Saturday night; I hope he may have proof that he is well liked.

Cincinnati, Aug. 27. Yours, CINCINNATUS.

BALL PLAY.

CONSTELLATION, OF BROOKLYN, VS. MYSTIC, OF YORKVILLE.—The return game of the home and home series between these clubs, the first of which was won by the Mystics last season, was played on the grounds of the Putnam Club, on Thursday, Aug. 29 h, the result being a well earned victory for the Constellations, whose play throughout the game was excellent; their fielding being first-class. The game was finely contested from beginning to end, there being but few errors on either side of any importance, if we except those in the 8th innings, in which the Mystics are charged with wild throwing in two or three instances. The game began at 3 P. M. the Constellations going to the bat. Sharp play was the order of the day, nothing being scored on either side in the first innings. The 2d innings, too, of the Constellations was barren of results, as far as runs were concerned; their opponents, however, scored 5 runs by good batting, and added another run the next innings; but in their 4th they were again put out for nothing; the Constellations, in the meantime, adding three to their score. In the 5th innings both parties scored a run, the total score being 7 to 4, the Mystics having the lead. In the 6th, 7th, and 8th innings, however, the Constellations managed to obtain no less than 12 runs to the Mystic's 6, which gave the former a lead of three. This the Mystic tried to overcome in their last innings, but without success, they only scoring one run, thereby losing the match. It was a closely contested and exciting game, and the play was creditable to both parties. On the part of the Mystics we have specially to notice the capital play of W. Kelley as catcher, and also that of C. Glover as short stop. McCarty was as active as ever in the left field, and the bases were well attended to by their respective occupants. McSweeny sent in some very swift balls while in as pitcher, but we don't think his pitching pays in the long run. W. Glover pitched well, and watched the bases closely. On the part of the Constellations, the play of Lockwood as catcher was excellent, as was that of Richardson as pitcher. The bases, too, were admirably attended to by J. and N. Smith and Decoudres. Moore made several good plays as short stop, and outer field was well played, with the exception of the instances where fly catches were neglected for easy bound catches. The duties of umpire were satisfactorily discharged by Mr. Holt, and at the close of the game the Mystics were hospitably entertained by the Constellations, the day's proceedings closing in a very pleasant manner. The score is as follows:—

BATTING.

CONSTELLATION.	H.	L.	RUNS.	MYSTIC.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Thomas, 1 f			3	C. Glover, s s			2
N. Smith 2 1 b			2	McCarty, l f			2
Moore, s s			2	T. Kelley, 2 d b			1
Sutton, c f			2	W. Kelley, c			2
Richardson, p			2	Gray, r f			2
Decoudres, r f			1	Manson, 3 1 b			1
J. Smith, 1 st b			1	W. Glover, p			1
Caruthers, 3 d b			0	H. Kelly, 1 st b			2
Lockwood, c			3	McSweeny, c f			1
Total			16	Total			14

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Constellation	0	0	2	1	1	5	2	5	0	—16
Mystic	0	5	1	0	1	2	0	4	1	—14

FIELDING.

	Fly	B'nd	Base	Total		Fly	B'nd	Base	Total
Thomas	0	3	0	3	C. Glover	2	2	0	4
N. Smith	1	0	0	1	McCarty	0	3	0	3
Moore	0	1	0	1	T. Kelley	0	0	0	0
Sutton	1	1	0	2	W. Kelley	4	5	0	9
Richardson	1	0	1	2	Gray	0	1	0	1
Decoudres	0	1	0	1	Manson	0	0	0	0
J. Smith	1	0	8	9	W. Glover	0	1	0	1
Caruthers	0	0	0	0	H. Kelley	0	0	5	5
Lockwood	2	5	0	7	McSweeny	2	1	0	3
Total	6	11	9	26	Total	8	13	5	26

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul		Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Thomas	0	2	0	0	0	1	C. Glover	1	0	1	0	0	0
N. Smith	1	0	0	0	0	1	McCarty	1	0	1	0	0	1
Moore	0	1	1	0	0	1	T. Kelley	1	2	1	0	0	0
Sutton	1	0	0	0	0	2	W. Kelley	1	2	0	0	0	0
Richardson	0	0	2	0	0	0	Gray	0	1	0	0	0	1
Decoudres	0	3	0	0	0	0	Manson	0	0	2	0	0	2
J. Smith	1	0	0	0	0	3	W. Glover	0	0	2	0	0	2
Caruthers	0	1	1	0	0	2	H. Kelley	0	1	2	0	0	0
Lockwood	0	0	1	0	0	1	McSweeny	0	0	0	0	0	1
Total	3	7	5	0	0	11	Total	4	6	9	0	0	7

Passed balls, on which bases were run—Lockwood, 3; W. Kelley, 6.
Home runs—C. Glover, 1; Moore, 1.
Struck out—Caruthers, 1.
Catches missed on the fly—W. Kelley, 2; C. Glover, 1; H. Kelley, 1; McSweeny, 1; Lockwood, 1.
Catches missed on the bound—W. Kelley, 2; Lockwood, 2; N Smith, 1; Decoudres, 1.
Run out between bases—McSweeny, by N. Smith.
Time of game—3 hours and 30 minutes.
Umpire—G. Holt, of the Henry Eckford Club.
Scorers—for Constellation, J. P. Gresdale; for Mystic, G. E. Reynolds.

MUTUAL VS EMPIRE.—These New York clubs played their first match this season at Hoboken, on Thursday, Aug 22, the result being a victory for the Mutuals. Both parties were out in their strength, and a very good contest was had. The Mutuals ran up a score of 15 in the first two innings, an advantageous lead, which their opponents were unable to overcome, though they tried well for it, for in the following seven innings their aggregate score was 11 to the Mutuals' 7. In the last innings the Empires scored 5 runs, two of them being the result of fine batting by Dewey and Miller, who made home runs. On the part of the Empires, Dewey, Benson, Culyer and Moore, all marked their fielding by fine catches, as did McMahon, Hurst, Mott and Harris, of the Mutual. Burns, McMahon, and Harris also credited themselves with home runs. Mr. Griswold creditably discharged the duties of Umpire. The following is the score:—

BATTING.

MUTUAL.	H.	L.	RUNS.	EMPIRE.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Brown, 2 d b			2	Benson, l f			2
Stephen, 1 st b			5	Moore, r f			4
Bogart, 3 d b			2	Dewey, s s			3
H Taylor, r f			3	Russell, c			2
McMahon, c			4	Culyer, c f			4
Mott, l f			3	Thorn, p			4
Hunt, s s			3	Miller, 2 d b			3
Harris, p			2	Ward, 1 st b			3
Burns, c f			3	Loper, 3 d b			3
Total			22	Total			16

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Mutual	6	9	1	3	0	1	2	0	0	—22
Empire	2	3	1	2	3	0	0	0	5	—16

Umpire—Mr. Griswold, of the Gotham club.
Scorers—For the Mutual club, Mr. McConnell; for the Empire club, Mr. Grant.

FAVORITA VS. BROOKLYN.—These clubs played their first match together on the Brooklyn grounds on Wednesday, Aug 28th, the result being a victory for the Brooklyns. This was the first contest the Favoritas have been engaged in; they having been but recently organized. They are handsomely uniformed in red caps, white shirts, and blue pants, and appear to be a promising club. The game was much enjoyed by both parties, and was a lively affair. The score is as follows:—

BATTING.

FAVORITA.	H.	L.	RUNS.	BROOKLYN.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Allen, s s			4	Stevens, 2 1 b			0
Kalbfleish, 2 1 b			2	Bartlett, c			1
Cooper, r f			2	Yates, p			1
Bedell, l f			1	Tappan, 3 d b			3
Conselyea, 1 st b			3	Ketchum, s s			2
Redfield, p			1	Higgins, 1 st b			3
Tisdale, c f			0	Young, r f			4
Slocum, 2 1 b			2	Van Valkenbergh, l f			1
Beales, c			3	Robbins, c f			3
Total			19	Total			52

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Favorita	2	1	6	5	2	3	0	0	0	—19
Brooklyn	4	8	1	17	13	9	0	0	0	—52

Umpire—G. W. Moore, of the Atlantic Club.
Scorers—for Favorita, Mr. Cooper; for Brooklyn, Mr. Ketchum.

SARATOGA VS STAR, OF TROY.—These clubs played a match at base ball on the 26th ult, which resulted altogether in favor of the former, as per score appended:—

SARATOGA.	H.	L.	RUNS.	STAR.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Winchell, r f			4	Dyer, p			3
Morey, l f			5	Stewart, c			4
Cowen, 3 1 b			4	Rogers, 3 1 b			2
French, s s			2	Bumstead, c f			1
Leggett, c			4	Pease, l f			0
Bockes, 1 st b			3	Taylor, 2 d b			1
Wheeler, p			2	Harris, r f			2
Davison, c f			3	LaBerger, s s			2
Coleman, 2 1 b			5	Lyons, 1 st b			3
Total			32	Total			18

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Saratoga	1	0	1	2	4	9	8	2	5	—32
Star	2	0	4	1	1	0	1	5	4	—18

Umpire—W. Parker, of the Victory club, of Troy.
Scorers—Messrs. Thompson, of the Green Island Wide Awakes, and Pitney, of Saratoga.

NEWARK VS. ECKFORD.—These clubs had their first contest together at Newark, on Wednesday, Aug. 28th, on which occasion the Eckfords obtained a very creditable victory, as the Newarkers played one of their strongest games, having a good team on hand. At the close of the match, which was a finely contested game, the parties adjourned to a hotel on Broad street, where they sat down to a handsome entertainment, and for an hour and more the most friendly and social time was had. The score is as follows:—

ECKFORD.	H.	L.	RUNS.	NEWARK.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Campbell, p			5	Coleman, c f			2
Beach, c			2	Mills, s s			2
Snyder, c f			1	Osborne, c			0
Wood, 2 d b			2	Heinsh, l f			0
G Grum, 1 st b			1	Dusenberry, 1 st b			1
Manoit, l f			1	Garthwait, r f			2
Brown, r f			3	Stout, p			2
J Snyder, s s			2	Ferrell, 2 d b			0
Reach, 3 d b			1	Ford, 3 d b			3
Total			18	Total			12

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eckford	1	2	2	2	1	1	3	3	3	—18
Newark	2	2	0	2	1	0	1	3	1	—12

Umpire—Mr. E. Brown, of the Mutual club.
Scorers—for the Eckford club, Mr. McAuslan; for the Newark club, Mr. Gore.

SPORTS IN SARATOGA.—Saratoga, one of the most famous watering places on the continent, boasts her race course, billiard and bowling rooms, fast horses, &c., and to keep up with the spirit of the age, has sent three companies to the seat of war. The boys who cannot leave home for that purpose have organized a base ball club, thinking the sport, if less exciting than that of their distant brethren, more healthy, as there is no necessity for dodging the balls. The organization is called the Saratoga B. B. club, of Saratoga Springs, and has the following officers:—President, W. R. Winchell; Secretary, J. L. Perry; Directors, F. D. Wheeler, Jr., R. C. Morey, Esq., G. H. Gillis; Treasurer, C. E. Durkee. They have some forty members, and have played one match with the Victory club, of Troy, the result, as may be supposed, being in the latter's favor.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

SEPT. 3.—Shaw and Tyler—£100 a side, 8st 10lb. London.
10.—Curley and Godfrey—£25 a side, Hull.
24.—Goss and Brettle's Big 'un—£100 a side, Birmingham.
25.—Reeves and Hooker—£25 a side, London.
OCT. 22.—Young King and Young Broome—£50 a side, London.
JAN. 1862.—Mace and King—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

The deposits for this event between Jem Mace and King to take place in January, 1862, are being regularly made. The last of £15 a side was duly deposited on Thursday, Aug. 15.

FIGHT (?) BETWEEN M'CULLY AND QUIN, FOR £25 A SIDE.—The fight between Tom M'Cully and Tom Quin came off on Tuesday, Aug. 13, on a beautiful spot in the neighborhood of Cointrave, Argyleshire. They went to scale on Monday night, Quin weighing 8st 9lb, M'Cully 8st 8lb. M'Cully was trained at Auchenheath under the care of Thomas Lewis of London, and Quin at Largs under the care of a friend from Manchester. M'Cully is only twenty four years of age, and a neat, well-made little fellow; Quin is nearly thirty-four, a square made, round-headed chap. They both seemed perfect in condition. The betting was pretty even, Quin offering to back himself for a couple when he entered the ring, but M'Cully declined. After a pleasant sail of four hours down the river to Cointrave, the men were placed in battle array. After sparring with each other for two hours and twenty five minutes—M'Cully getting first blood by peeling the bark the size of a pin's head from Quin's smeller—the greater portion of the spectators left, being convinced they did not mean to harm each other, and eventually they shook hands and called it a drawn battle. Quin's seconds were Bill Welsh and Jack Taylor from Glasgow, M'Cully's, Jack Dolts from Edinburgh, and Tom O'Neil, his principle backer, of Glasgow. They were afterwards apprehended and taken to Glasgow, and lodged in the police cells for the night, and then conveyed to Inverary.

MILLER AND SMILER.—These Birmingham men met on Monday, Aug. 12, near Birmingham, at catch weight, for £5 a side. Joe Wareham and a friend waited on Miller, and Joe Nolan and M'Phelan did the needful for Smiler. After contending for 29 minutes, in which 26 rounds were got through, Miller polished Smiler off by a right-hander in the bread pan. It is understood that the stakeholder (Brettle) has been served with a notice not to part with the battle money, on the plea that Miller struck foul.

A MERRY MILL

BETWEEN

Allan and Fisher, for £10 a side, at Birmingham.

On Tuesday, July 30, these men met in the P. R., as briefly stated in a former issue, to arrange their differences. As we are now in receipt of further details, we herewith append them. They were to weigh on the morning of starting, at the house of Mr Matson's, the Castle, Hospital street, at seven. A. M., and it was found Allan was a pound over weight (the stipulated weights to be 9st 2lb.) After a deal of talk it was arranged to send for Mr Coates, the final stakeholder, who showed about nine o'clock. The tops of Allan's fighting boots were cut off, and drawers made into the same as running men use, and with nothing else on him he got into the scale, and then was about an ounce over; but the stakeholder waived that, and said they might fight. They were delayed starting, through the above *contretemps*, till half-past eleven and arrived in due time at Wichnor Junction, where a posse of police were drawn up to receive them. There was no alternative but to kick their heels for two hours, for the next train, during which interim, a heavy storm of rain fell, saturating those to the skin who could not get into the station. At last a move was made to Hammerwich, and a snug spot found. The ring was soon pitched by the veteran Giles and assistants. Allan stands 5ft. 8½ in., and has fought three times. Beat Whitty, for £5 a side, in an hour and a half; a draw with Nobby Hall, for £5 a side; and beat Habby Clark, for £12 a side, in 46 min., all at catch weight. Fisher stands about 5ft. 6¾ in., and it was his maiden appearance in the magic circle. Before the tourney commenced, Allan offered 2s. 6d. to be allowed to fight in long drawers, which was accepted. 5 and 6 to 4 was offered freely on Allan, but few acceptances. The talented Morris Phelan and a friend seconded Allan; and Joe Wareham and friend did the like services for Fisher. Matters having been arranged, and the usual formalities gone through, the men stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. After some time spent in sparring, Allan was the first to lead off with his left on the cheek of Fisher. Fisher short on the neck of Allan, who got twice home on the ribs. A struggle ensued to the ropes, and Fisher down.

2 Allan used both hands, and got home a warm one on the kisser, which drew the claret. First blood claimed and allowed. Fisher on the ribs and chest, but without much effect, and got down.

3. Allan again heavy on the snorter and tatur-trap with the right, causing the ruby to flow. Fisher administering on the ribs; they fought to the ropes, and Fisher sent to grass. Allan thus got the first two events.

4. Allan on the smeller with the left, Fisher returning on the body; Allan down.

5 Allan popped in his left on the thorax, and again on the beak. Fisher getting slightly home on the left cheek and ribs; Fisher down.

6 Allan on the ribs with the left, Fisher following suit; a close, and Fisher down.

7. Allan with the left on Fisher's left ogle, causing the carmine to flow. Fisher with the left heavy on the ribs, and both down.

8. Allan caught Fisher heavily on the damaged ogle, causing the liquid to flow, who received in return some rib roasters, and a smart one on the neck; Fisher down.

9 Allan again led off with his left on the kisser, drawing more ruby; Fisher on the ribs, when he got down.

10 A bustling round; a close to the ropes, and both down.

11. Fisher first to lead off with his left on Allan's cheek, who landed his left on the kissing organ, and both down.

12 Allan on the neck of Fisher, who received on the ribs in return. Allan again drove in his left on the smeller, drawing ruby, and sending Fisher to grass.

13 Allan again with his left on Fisher's damaged ogle, which was fast shutting up. Fisher using his left on the ribs of Allan, got to mother earth.

14. Allan, all smiles, using his left on the left peeper and cheek, causing the claret to flow. Fisher with left on ribs and neck; a close, and Fisher down.

15. Allan with his left on the sinister eye of Fisher, opening old wounds; Fisher doing his best on the breast and ribs, when he got down.

16 Fisher led off with his left on the right eye of Allan; but caught in return on the cheek, and went to grass.

17. Fisher, who came up gamely, but evidently getting weak from being receiver-general, got on to the ribs, and received it again on the left ogle, causing more ruby to flow, and down.

18 to 25. Allan used both hands, and administering some severe, heavy upper cuts on jaw and damaged peeper, Fisher putting in his left on the ear, and getting down in every round.

26 Allan again on left cheek and eye, causing carmine to flow copiously, Fisher doing his best on Allan's ribs, when the latter slipped down.

27. Fisher's ogle was quite gone, but he came up gamely for punishment, and received a hot 'un on left ear hole, and in return got home on neck and breast of Allan; Fisher down.

28. Allan planted a hot 'un on the tatur-trap, causing the limpid stream to flow, Fisher using his left on bread-basket, a close to the ropes, and both down.

29. Allan using his left freely on left cheek, and caught a warm 'un on his neck; Fisher down.

30 A scrambling bout to the ropes, when both got down, Allan under.

31 Allan home again with his left on left cheek and eye, Fisher trying it on with his left, but short; the latter down.

32 Allan administered two heavy upper cuts on the jaw and smeller, Fisher home on the ribs; he was evidently getting weak, though doing his best, and down.

33 to 44, the last. It would be only waste of space to describe these remaining rounds, as in each Fisher caught it on the cheek and left eye, causing carmine to flow plentifully, and several severe upper cuts from the right on the jaw, Fisher using his left on bread-basket and ribs, leaving his marks. Allan scarcely showed a mark on the countenance. Time, 1 hour and 5 minutes.

REMARKS.

It was plain to see, on the two lads stripping, that Allan was the superior of the two, being taller, longer in the reach, and heavier. Both were in excellent condition, and reflected credit on their trainers. Fisher, though beaten, took punishment gamely to the last, and did all he knew to turn the tide in his favor, but without success. It was intimated that Fisher, who is a good tradesman, would stick to his work, and bid a final adieu to the P. R.

AQUATICS.

DEATH OF MR. A. A. CASAMAJOR.—The death of this gentleman took place early on Wednesday morning, August 7, at his private residence, and has deprived the aquatic world of one of its brightest ornaments.

Alexander Alcee Casamajor was no ordinary amateur. His wonderful prowess as an oarsman and sculler, and undaunted pluck, at once directed attention to the boat in which he was pulling a match; and, without disparagement to his

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

THE GAME OF CRICKET AMONG AMERICANS.

Three years ago it was a difficult matter to find any one member of the American ball playing community, in this vicinity, that could regard the English game of cricket with any favor. The practice of the game of cricket was confined almost exclusively to the British residents of this city; the exception being few and far between. In Philadelphia, alone, of any city in the States, did cricket find any followers among the native youths, and there, by judicious culture, it took root, and is now a permanent institution among the many ball players of that city.

For the past ten years, Base Ball has been the only popular game in New York and its suburbs, and now, so ably has the game been cultured, through the aid, and under the direction of the "National Association of Base Ball Players," that it has become the National American game of ball, and is permanently established as such; and no game of ball is ever likely to rival it in popularity on this side the Atlantic. As regards the particular merits of the two games, we do not now propose to discuss the question as to which of them is the superior; suffice it to say, that both have their attractive and meritorious features, and both are worthy of popular favor and encouragement. The object of this article is simply to explain the difficulties in the way of popularizing cricket in America, and to point out the manner in which those difficulties may be overcome. The advent of the "All England Eleven" in this country, advanced the cause of cricket in the United States considerably, but ably as the beauties of the game and its scientific character were illustrated by England's skilfull cricket champions there is something still more potent required before this beautiful game can be launched on the side of American popularity. And what is this potent agency that is to achieve the desired end? is a question more easily asked than answered. In the first place, we must endeavor to remove the prejudices that exist against a game that emanates from a foreign country, and in the next place we must overcome the same prejudice that exists among the generality of cricketers against the American game of ball; we say exists, but we might, we think, say did exist, for there are few now, and those only among the bigoted admirers of cricket, that are not willing to yield to Base Ball all the credit its many meritorious characteristics deserve, and to this magnanimous spirit, among the admirers of both of these manly sports, do we hopefully look for the sign that is to evince the existence of the "consummation so devoutly to be wished," viz. the popularizing of the game of cricket in the American ball playing community.

For the past three seasons the object of this journal has been to foster cricket in America and among Americans, and hence it is that we have especially, and so favorably commented upon the skill and ability displayed by those, among our American youths, who have taken up the practice of cricket. Hence it is that we have battled against existing prejudices on both sides; and it is with considerable pride that we now contemplate the reward we have received for the success attained, which is neither more nor less than this, viz: that, whereas, three years ago an American cricketer was quite a *rara avis* in this vicinity, we can now count them nearly by hundreds; there is also an American cricket club in existence, which is now the nucleus of what promises to be the school of American cricket, and this we claim as the result of our individual efforts to popularize the English game of cricket among Americans. One great drawback is, the waste of time on cricket, as played in England and by Englishmen in America. Time, in this country, is money. We have not in America any class of the community who have the leisure to practice the game as they do in England. Here we can only devote hours where they can spend days; hence we have to economise time in everything, even in exercises required for health. For this reason we advocate the avoidance of all the unnecessary delays that characterize cricket matches as played in England, and desire to see the game played up to the strict letter of the law. Until this is done, one of the chief obstacles in the way of making cricket popular in this country will still exist. In reference to the removal of the existing prejudices against cricket among Base Ball players, and against Base Ball among cricketers, which we are glad to perceive is rapidly diminishing every season, it is only by a proper fraternization among the respective admirers and players of the two games that we can hope for a removal of the difficulty; and therefore a due encouragement to join the Clubs of each other, and participate in each other's games, becomes a matter of the first importance. Seeing this, we have used our influence to promote just such a class of contests as would soonest achieve the object in view, and in this also have we been successful, in proof of which we can point with pleasure to the interesting matches played last season between the Americans, of Newark, and Long Island together, and the Americans vs. English series, the second contest of which was so successfully brought to a close last week; a match that created more general interest and was more numerously attended by spectators than any that has ever taken place on the island. In the arrangement of this class of matches we, in common with others, have had some obstacles to overcome, not the least of which has been the too great prevalence of that national feeling so characteristic of the foreign element of our community. This feeling is a praiseworthy one in most cases, but it sometimes degenerates into clannishness, and then it becomes decidedly objectionable, if not more than that. On which side victory perches in these contests, as far as the mere triumph is concerned, we care not a "red cent," but inasmuch as the success of the American amateurs leads to their higher appreciation of, and their greater fondness for, the game—for we all like that which we can excel in—we do say that we like to record their success, and for this reason shall always endeavor to forward it by all the means in our power, despite the umbrage those narrow minded persons, who can only take a national or club view of the matter, may take at our action.

One of the most praiseworthy steps in the right direction that we have yet seen taken, is the initiation of the series of juvenile matches by the New York club, who have liberally undertaken to furnish the materials and ground to any youths who desires to learn the game. This is one of the methods of popularizing the game that will be likely to be very successful; indeed, already do the boys of Hoboken begin to take great interest in the matches thus inaugurated. Every junior club should be encouraged, as it is to such means and to such only, that we can look for success in making the game a permanent institution. Where would base ball be but for the Juniors? It is to them that the Senior clubs look for material for strengthening their forces. However, the means of popularizing cricket among Americans are apparent to every unprejudiced mind, and as it is to such our remarks are addressed, we trust our suggestions will not be thrown away.

WHAT IS IT?—We were surprised to see a laborer coming through the Bowery with a military cap, and in front, in rich brass castings, were 912. What could it mean? With a bold front we put the question, and with a Free-mason's sign, made by the thumb gyrating and fingers outstretched, he whispered "That's a 'capital saddle!'" This accounts for the number of pale faced, spindle shanked quills airing themselves on Broadway and at the hotels, with a full suit of blue and the fatigue cap—they're policy dealers. We intend getting one with 4, 11 44 on, to take the conceit out of these Broadway soldiers. Are you all gazing at me, ladies?

BAD FOR IZZY.—According to a law recently put in force in Paris, the weight of passengers in omnibuses is fixed at 150 lbs., French weight. All over that pay double fare. The law does not apply to surface measurement, so that crinolines are in no way affected.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

JOHN LEWIS BAKER.

BORN in Philadelphia—a city which has contributed a greater amount of genuine talent to the profession than any other in the Union. The subject of our sketch had an excellent education bestowed upon him by his parents, who being in exceedingly good circumstances, spared neither pains nor expense to render him capable of assuming any position in society in which his birth and abilities might place him. His predilection for the stage began to manifest itself at an early age, and before his 18th year, had found vent in various juvenile efforts to found histrionic societies of more or less elevated character; garrets and dormitories being the favorite locations. He soon became a member of the "Boothenian Dramatic Association," and appeared in several characters: much to his own satisfaction, and the disgust of everybody else. His parents becoming seriously alarmed lest he should adopt it as a profession—sailed for Galveston, December 25th, 1844. Scarcely six weeks had elapsed, before to the horror and dismay of his parents, a theatrical company arrived at that city, which he joined in three weeks afterwards. In a very short time and through his influence, the city was adorned with a dramatic Temple. After playing for a short period in Galveston, he came to Philadelphia, having stopped to play a successful engagement in New Orleans. On the 31st of July, 1846, he made his *debut* in his native city, at the "Walnut," as Jaffier, in Venice Preserved, and was greeted with an overflowing house, and the most unequivocal success; he shortly after visited Baltimore, where he remained for several months. In February, 1849, he became attached to the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and since then he has steadily risen in the estimation of the public. On the 3d of May, 1851, he was united in the holy bonds of wedlock to Miss Alexina Fisher, a lady well known to the theatrical public, as one without a rival in her peculiar line. In 1852 Mr. and Mrs. Baker sailed for California, and made their first appearance in San Francisco, February 14th, at the Jenny Lind Theatre, as Master Walter and Julia, in The Hunchback, and played 21 nights to crowded audiences. After a sojourn of three weeks at Sacramento they again appeared for 30 consecutive nights. After a second engagement at Sacramento, Mr. Baker collected a small company and performed at Nevada, Grass Valley, and Placerville; returning to San Francisco early in August, he assumed the management of the Adelphi Theatre. On the 12th of May, Mr. Baker took charge of the American, and for five months appeared nightly as the regular attraction.

January 2d, 1854, took his farewell benefit of the California public. Arriving home, he commenced a successful starring tour. In 1856 he became manager of the City Museum, Philadelphia. In September 1857, he became lessee of the National Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, and the Louisville, Ky., theatres. On the National he expended, individually, $14,000 towards putting the theatre in complete order; the stage was enlarged, and the interior from parquet to dome was entirely new; he opened about the 15th day of the month with an excellent stock company.

As an actor, his style is legitimately correct; and, whilst never overstepping the bounds of propriety, his delineations are marked with all the vigor of original thought and expression. In light and eccentric comedy, he is excellent. At present he is performing at the Winter Garden, New York.

MRS. ALEXINA FISHER BAKER.

BORN in Frankfort, Ky., in 1820. She has been upon the stage almost from infancy. When only six years of age, she made her first appearance on the stage at the Chatham Theatre, New York, as Cora's child, in Pizarro, and when only fourteen years of age, played the leading business at the Park Theatre, New York. From New York she went to the Chestnut, in Philadelphia. She played, at various periods, short engagements in almost every city, with unvarying success. In August, 1850, she was engaged by Mr. Barnum for his Museum in New York. Shortly after she was transferred to the Museum in Philadelphia. On the 3d of May, 1851 she was married to Mr. J. L. Baker. In 1852, in company with her husband, she visited California, and during nine months played every evening except Sundays, and May 9th, 1853, closed a season which had profited the management $30 000, being all the time the chief support of the theatre, and drawing crowded houses, notwithstanding the opposition of other theatres and the very successful careers of Signorina Elisea Biscaccianti and Catharine Hayes.

Her popularity in Philadelphia is unbounded, her versatility is remarkable. In tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, and burlesque, she is equally at home. She has occupied a favorable position at all times before the public, and has contributed more to their intellectual enjoyment than any other lady on the stage. At present at the Winter Garden, New York.

PHINEAS T. BARNUM.

THE MODEL SHOWMAN—THE PRINCE OF HUMBUGS.

BORN at Danbury, Ct., July 5th, 1810. Before he was six years of age he began to accumulate pennies. When "training" day arrived, instead of spending his money like other boys, he would turn pedler—purchase a gallon of molasses and make it up into candy, called "Coykania," and by this means he would be a dollar richer by selling his candy. In a short time he increased his stock in trade by adding to it ginger-bread, cookies, sugar candies, and New England Rum which he retailed out by the wine glass. His first visit to New York was at twelve years of age, on which occasion he assisted a drover to drive a lot of cattle from his native place to the gay metropolis on foot. On his return to his native place he quit farm work and entered a country store as clerk.

In February, 1828, he commenced business on his own account. He opened part of a carriage house, having fitted it up as a retail fruit and confectionary store, including a barrel of Ale. He expended $50 in fitting up the store, and the "fixins" cost $70.

In '31 he opened a store with an assortment of goods such as are usually found in a country store. On the 19th of October he entered the Sanctum, and started a weekly Democratic paper, known as the "Herald of Freedom." In a very short time he found himself comfortably quartered in jail on a charge of libel, where he boarded at the towns expense for sixty days.

During the winter of 1834-35 he removed to New York. His first situation was that of "drummer," to several Chatham street establishments. He next opened a boarding house, and shortly after purchased an interest in a grocery store. In July, 1835, he purchased the celebrated "Joice Heth," for $1000, and started in the show business, opening at Niblo's Garden, New York, the receipts averaging $1000 per week. He next engaged Sig Vivalla, whose performances consisted of remarkable feats of balancing, plate spinning, etc. He brought him out at the Franklin Theatre; on the evening of his first performance, Barnum *made his first appearance on any stage*, by going on as "super" to assist Vivalla in arranging his plates, &c.

In April, 1836, he became ticket seller, secretary, and treasurer of Aaron Turner's travelling circus. His next investment was the purchase of a steamboat, engaging a theatrical company and visiting the principal towns on the Mississippi.

In the spring of 1840, he opened Vauxhall Garden, New York, with a variety of performances, including singing, dancing, Yankee stories, etc., which did not prove remunerative. It was here that the celebrated John Diamond, Jig Dancer, was first introduced to the public.

In April, 1841, he quit the show business, and settled in New York, as agent of "Sears' Pictorial Illustration of the Bible," but in June he again leased Vauxhall Garden. In September, he quit the business and soon after obtained the situation of "puff writer" for the Bowery Amphitheatre.

On the 27th of December, 1841, he became proprietor of Scudder's Museum, on payment of $12,000, payable in seven equal annual instalments. In less than a year, he had paid every cent, out of the profits of the establishment.

In 1842 he purchased the Feejee Mermaid, of Moses Kimball, of the Boston Museum.

In December, 1842, he introduced Tom Thumb to the public. On the 18th of January, 1844, in company with Tom Thumb and suit, he set sail for England, for the purpose of introducing to the London Stage the "wonder of the world." Remained abroad until 1847, during which time he visited England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Returned to New York in February 1847, and opened at the Museum with Master Tommy.

After visiting all the principal cities in the Union, he left his business with agents, and took up his residence during 1848-49 with his family.

In November, 1849, he engaged Jas. Hall Wilton to visit England, and engage Jenny Lind for a tour of the States. She arrived in New York in September, 1850. She received $1000 per night for her services, and all expenses paid. The receipts of her first concert amounted to $17 864 05; the second $14 203,03.

In 1844 he brought the Swiss Bell Ringers to this country. In 1845 he bought the Baltimore Museum. In 1849 he opened the Lyceum and Museum at Seventh and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. In June 1850 he chartered a ship to Ceylon, to procure a dozen elephants for a travelling menagerie. In 1851 he sent the Bateman Children to London. During the years 1851-'2 he travelled as a temperance lecturer. In 1851, was President of the Pequonnock Bank, Conn. In the fall of 1852 he started a weekly Pictorial, known as the Illustrated News. At present is Manager of the Museum, New York.

PROF. JOHN HENRY ANDERSON—"WIZARD OF THE NORTH."

Every department of science, art, and history, has its representative man, one who, in himself, reflects that department in the height of its culture and the development to which it has attained. Mr. Anderson is professedly, and without doubt at the head of the department of Natural Magic. He represents as fairly and as perfectly the Magician of our own day, as Albertus Magnus or Theophrastus Paracelsus represents the Magician of the Middle Ages. At the present time he is the acknowledged chief of English Conjurors, and has achieved an amount of fame which consummate skill in his art only could have brought him. The Professor was born at Kincardine O'Neil, in Aberdeenshire.

He is one of a very large family, and his antecedents were not such as to augur the position and reputation which he now possesses. Starting life under unfavorable auspices and with no other capital than such as talent and energy confer, his is one of those stories which is not uncommon—a story of difficulties overcome, and obstacles surmounted, until merit is recognized, after a career of unfaltering perseverance in the path chosen for the pursuit of fortune. The eminence he has attained could have been reached by no other means than by the almost continual exercise of those qualities with which nature has endowed him for the peculiar profession of which he is so eminent a master.

His first introduction to public life was as one of a company of travelling theatricals well known to those who remember entertainments as they were in Scotland thirty five years ago. The first magic feat he ever accomplished was to make "The Pudding in a Hat," somewhere in the neighborhood of Dundee, in front of a celebrated booth. He led a nomadic kind of life for some years, but gradually acquired a name for cleverness, whilst his energy and singleness of purpose were remarkable in almost everything he undertook. His first public appearance on his own account as a conjuror occurred in Edinburgh; when his success was so great that Sir Walter Scott, hearing of him, requested that he would perform at Abbotsford, on the occasion of the son of the great novelist attaining his majority. The cleverness of the young magician was such that at the conclusion of his performance, Scott made the remark in a very complimentary manner—"They call me the Wizard of the North" but they make a mistake. It is you, not I, who most deserve that title. Anderson accepted the compliment, and entitled himself accordingly, adopting a designation by which he is now known throughout the civilized world. In 1851 he came to America and opened at the Broadway Theatre, New York, and after obtaining the largest audiences that had been assembled in that city, with the exception of Jenny Lind, made a tour of the entire Union, from Maine to California, and from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi. His success in all parts of the States was most unequivocal.

Returned to England and opened at the Strand Theatre, then at the Adelphi, then again at the Strand; a second season at the Adelphi. A season at Covent Garden; and at the St. James. From this establishment he removed to Covent Garden, when in addition to his magical illusions, he took the public by surprise in a representation of "Rob Roy."

In 1858 Mr. Anderson left England for Australia, and opened in the Theatre Royal, Melbourne—the largest and most magnificent theatre in the Australian Colonies, and of late the home and house of Mr. G. V. Brooke. After playing the most successful engagement which any public performer has yet accomplished in that remote part of the world, including a week of Rob Roy, during which the receipts amounted to £1825, ($9125,) he left for the Australian Gold Mines.

We next trace his career at Ballaarat and Gelong, performing magic to crowds of enthusiastic gold diggers, doing his bottle trick down in a gold mine, enacting Rob Roy amidst Kangaroos and Cockatoos in tented theatres, hastily erected in the Australian "bush." Thence we track him across Bass's Straits to Van Deman's Land—Tasmania, as it is now called—then to Sidney, New South Wales; then over the Blue Mountains of Australia, to Bathurst, the most remote city of the Great Southern Continent; thence back to Bendigo, in Victoria; to sundry other diggings of great importance; and, after loading his pockets with all the "nuggets" of Australia, setting sail for California; *en route* he dropped in at Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands, when he played before the King Kammehammeha and his Court, realizing the amazing sum of $4 500 in one week. Then landing at San Francisco, opened at the Opera House, under the auspices of Mr. Thomas Maguire. From San Francisco he wandered over the California mines and across the Sierra Nevada to Utah. In May 1860, he left San Francisco, landed at New York, opened in Boston at the Academy of Music, and thence went to New York. He then started on a Southern tour intending to visit all the principal cities throughout the South. At Philadelphia he opened at Concert Hall, and played the "Magician" for about eight weeks, to overflowing houses. He then visited Baltimore, Washington, and Richmond. At this period of his perigrinations the Irrepressible Conflict between the North and the South was at its height, and business proving very bad, he wended his steps Northward; arriving in Philadelphia, he opened at the Walnut Street Theatre, when he played "Rob Roy" for one week. On the occasion of his benefit, he also appeared as William, in "Black Eyed Susan," and a more lame and tame performance of these characters was never witnessed. They were nine hundred and ninety per cent below par—not even approaching mediocrity. Mr. Anderson is not possessed of the first particle of talent for an actor, and had, therefore, better retire forever from all claims to the sock and buskin, and continue to wield the Magic Wand.

Mr. Anderson's first appearance in America, was as "Rob Roy," at Castle Garden, New York, in 1851, for the benefit of Ethelbert A. Marshall. First appeared as "Wizard of the North," September 11th, 1851, at Metropolitan (Tripler) Hall, New York.

[Next week, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wood.]

DRAUGHTS OR CHEQUERS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S. ☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROB ROY, Chapel Hill, N. C.—We publish one of your positions this week; (with a slight alteration) which we have taken the liberty of making, on the ground that the original won't wash. The B K, in the copy, stood on 30.

W. S KNIGHT, New York.—We make the correction. Sorry to learn that the "animal doesn't feel well."

MARY E M., Winooski Falls, Vt.—Moves arranged according to "Hoyle." Seems to be a "fatality" eh?

ACCEPTANCE.—Blythe proposes to "finish" the match by mail. What say you?

L., Buffalo, N. Y.—Another game this week. Keep on. "Stir 'em up!"

GAME No. 21.—VOL. IX.

MAID OF THE MILL.

BY L. OF THE W.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	15	22	17	12.. 7	11	26	23
2.. 8	11	17	13	13..11	18	31	26
3..15	18	23	14	14.. 8	11	32	28
4.. 9	18	26	23	15..11	15	20	16
5..10	14	24	20	16..18	22	26	17
6.. 6	10	30	26	17.. 3	7	23	18
7.. 1	6	28	24	18..15	22	19	15
8 11	15	23	19	19..12	19	13	9*
9.. 4	8	25	22	20.. 6	13	15	6
10..18	25	29	22	21.. 2	9	17	3
11..15	18	22	15			and wins.	

Notes by L.

* 13 to 9 wins. Here Anderson made a glaring blunder by playing 15 to 11 and so did Spayth by copying the variation into his book as sound. See page 172 var. 4 at 28th move.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 20.—VOL. IX.

BY P. RICHARDSON.

Black.		White.	
1..24	28 (*a*) (*b*)	15	10 or 11
2..Anything.		White wins a man.	

(*a*)

1..23	19	30	26	3..22	31	13	6
2..19	10	32	28			and wins.	

(*b*)

1..24	27	29	25	3..18	25	30	26
2..22	29	13	22	4..23	30	32	23
						and wins.	

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 38th POSITION.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..29	25	1	6	11..14	18	1	5
2..25	22	6	9	12..18	22	5	9
3..22	17	9	6	13..30	26	9	14
4..17	14	6	1	14..26	23	14	9
5..14	9	1	5	15..23	18	9	5
6.. 9	6	5	1	16..18	14	5	1
7.. 6	2	1	5	17..14	9	1	5
8.. 2	6	5	1	18..22	17	5	14
9.. 6	9	1	5	19..17	10 and wins.		
10.. 9	14	5	1				

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 39th POSITION.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..18	22	17	26	2..19	24	20	27

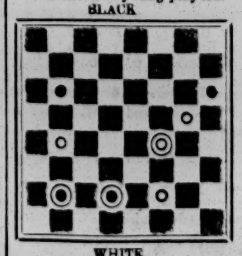
* White has only to move his man, and in a few moves Black becomes "played out:" his Kings being blocked by his own forces!

POSITION No. 21—VOL. IX.

BY ROB ROY.

Dedicated to young players.

BLACK

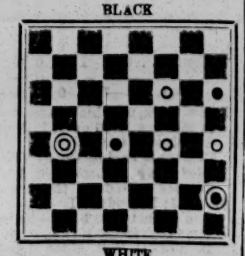


WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 40th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK



WHITE.

Black to move—White to win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
7.. 7	10	22	17
8.. 4	8	27	23

BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KNIGHT.

Black.—O. T. S		White.—W. S. K.	
13..20	27	32	23
14.. 9	13	23	18

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black.—Mary.		White.—W. S. K.	
5..12	16	25	22
6..10	15	21	17

THE GAME OF CHESS.

EXCITING MATCH.—Another match has been contested between Herren Kolisch and Anderssen for superiority, and a handsome prize presented the winner by the London Chess Club. At their previous encounter in Paris, it will be remembered that they came off exactly even. In this match each player was allowed two hours for each 24 moves. The first *partie* was scored by Herr A., the second and third by Herr K., and the fourth by Herr A. Of the first, Herr Lowenthal [*Era*] writes thus:—"This is one of the most remarkable and interesting games which we have had the pleasure of examining for some time. It exhibits, in a remarkable degree, the distinguishing characteristics of both players. While the play of the German master is full of dash and spirit, vigor and originality, constantly pushing forward to the attack, that of Herr Kolisch is deliberate, cautious and profound. The fortunes of the players during the game were constantly varying. Now Kolisch had the advantage—now Anderssen; and over and over again victory trembled so evenly in the balance that it was impossible to predict to which side it would eventually fall. It was a hardly contested battle, no error of any importance having been committed by either player." The match finally, after a severe and close struggle, terminated in favor of Anderssen; the final state of the score being—Anderssen, 4; Kolisch, 3; drawn games, 2. A reverse such as this is scarcely looked upon by the friends of Herr Kolish in the light of a defeat, and they had hoped for an opportunity of testing the relative skill of these great artistes in another and more lengthened match. The professional engagements of Herr Anderssen, however, were imperative, and we understand he left London on his homeward journey on Saturday, Aug 3.

BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.—As the time for the great gathering of Caissa's votaries approaches, a very lively interest, not to say excitement, is manifested in its progress. One of the pleasantest features thus far evolved is the re-appearance in European chess circles of V. Green, Esq., for many years past a resident in India. We are promised a volume of his chess experiences and reminiscences in India, including many of his games, especially (we presume) those with the talented Brahmin, Harri Rurchunder. The following magnates have already entered for the grand Tourney: Messrs. Boden, Stanley, Green, Kolisch, and Horwitz. A match is arranged between Worcester and Cardiff; and the list for a minor Tourney is half full—at the close of last month. A very brilliant gathering will be this British national chess festival of 1861.

ENIGMA No. 292.

From Bell's Life in London.—"*Difficult.*"

BY HERR CONRAD BAYER.

at his Kt 4, Q B 2, K 4, K Kt 2, K B 2d.

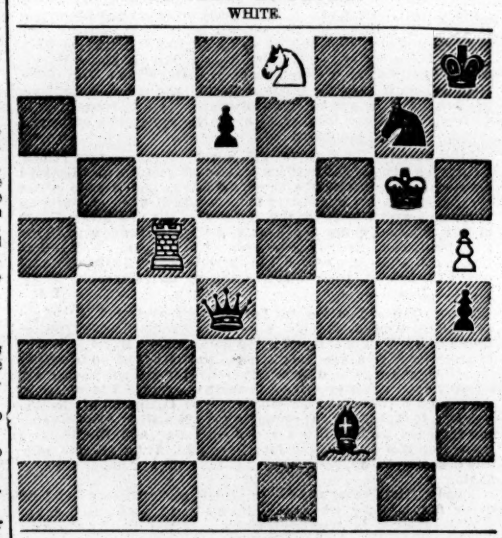
at Q 5th, at K 4th.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 292.

BY THEO. M. BROWN.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and compel White to give mate in six moves.

GAME No. 292.

The opening *partie* of the second match between Herren Kolisch and Anderssen.—*Era.*

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

Attack, Kolisch.	Defence, Anderssen.	Attack, Kolisch.	Defence, Anderssen.
1..P to K 4	P to Q B 4	23..Q to K Kt 3	Q to K B sq (*g*)
2..K Kt-B 3	P-K 3	24..Q-K 3	P-K B 4
3..P-Q 4	B P x P	25..K R-Ktsq(*h*)	Q R-Q 2(*i*)
4..K Kt x P	K Kt-B 3	26..Q R-K Bsq(*j*)	Q R-K B 2
5..K B-Q 3	Q Kt-B 3	27..P-K Kt 4	B P x P
6..Q B-K 3	P-Q 4	28..K R x P	P-K Kt 4
7..K P x P	K P x P	29..P-K B 5	K-R 2 (*k*)
8..Castles	K B-Q 3	30..P-K B 6	Q-her 3 (*l*)
9..P-K R 3	P-K R 3	31..Q R-B 2	Q-her 4 (*m*)
10..Q-K B 3 (*a*)	Castles	32..P-K R 4	B-K B 5
11..Q Kt-B 3	Q Kt-K 4 (*b*)	33..Q-her Kt 3	Q-her 2 (*n*)
12..Q K 2	P-Q R 3	34..R P x P	B x Kt 2d P
13..Q R-Q sq	K R-K sq	35..Q R-R 2	K R-K Kt sq
14..K B-his 5 (*c*)	Q B-Q 2	36. K R x K P (*o*)	Q R x B P (*p*)
15..K B x B	Q x K B	37..Q-her 3	Q R-Kt 3 (*q*)
16..K Kt-B 3	Q R-Q sq	38..Q R-Kt 2	Q-her B 3
17..K-R sq(*d*)	B-Q Kt sq	39..K R-Kt 4	K R-K sq
18..K Kt x Kt	K R x Kt	40..K-his Kt sq	K R-K 8+
19..P-K B 4	K R-K sq	41..K-his B 2	K R-his 8 (*r*)
20..Q-her 3	Q-her 3(*e*)	42..Q-K 4 *)	Q x Q
21..Q B-Q 4	Kt-K 5 (*f*)	43..K R x Q	B-R 5+, and
22..Q Kt x Kt	Q P x Kt		Herr Kolisch resigns.

(*a*) Up to this moment the opening is conducted with care and accuracy by both combatants. This move, however, appears weak; it loses time.

(*b*) An excellent move and finely conceived; the effect will become apparent as the game advances. The Kt here occupies a most commanding position, both for attack and defence.

(*c*) Finely played! the B is here advantageously placed. This move retards the development of Herr A's forces, and at the same time protects his own from any aggression.

(*d*) The position here is of great interest. It is so complicated that the utmost skill is required both in Attack and Defence.

(*e*) At the first glance, playing Kt to R 4th seems to promise some advantage to the Defence. Looking more closely, however, we find that the Attack's reply 21..B to K 6th avoids all danger.

(*f*) Upon examination, this will be found far superior to Kt to R 4th.

(*g*) Best—with his usual accuracy—having in view the advance of K B P.

(*h*) Excellent! the beginning of the complicated positions. In fact, from this point to the end the game abounds in situations of remarkable interest. The able manner in which the Hungarian conducts the game, against an adversary of pre-eminent abilities, fully entitles him to our highest praise.

(*i*) A good retort; the Attack's contemplated manœuvre is thereby rendered perfectly harmless.

(*j*) In order to advance the K Kt P with safety.

(*k*) The position here is very instructive, and all this is well calculated by the German master. Either R takes P, or Q to her 3d, would have involved him in difficulties extrication from which would have been impossible—because, had he played, in the first place, 29..R x P, Herr K., would have replied with great effect Q to her Kt 3d+; and if 29..Q to her 3d, then 30..R x Kt P+, &c.

(*l*) A move which causes his antagonist great embarrassment.

(*m*) Finely played again! it defends the P at K 5th, and at the same time opens the diagonal for the B, which is thus brought into active co operation.

(*n*) Exchanging Queens would have been bad play; it would have abandoned the advantage in position already obtained by the Defence.

(*o*) This loses an important P, but there seems no better move.

(*p*) It is obvious that Herr K. dared not capture the proffered R, on account of the formidable reply, Q to her 8th+, &c.

(*q*) The play on both sides, throughout this critical end-game, will well repay the student for his time and labor in examining it.

(*r*) Ingeniously conceived. This move secures a speedy and successful termination.

(*) Had he here played Q to K B 5th, [5th?] his game would have been still hard to beat.—*Stanley.*

STANDING THE SHOT.—A Mrs. Ellen Troy, accidentally shot in the face and breast, at the recent Pigeon Shoot of the Sportsman's Convention, Utica, N. Y., by Nelson Biddlecome, recovered, on the 1st inst., a verdict of $50, in a suit for damages.

CRICKET.

NEW YORK VS ALL MASSACHUSETTS.—The second annual contest between the first eleven of the New York club and a selected eleven of all Massachusetts, took place on the grounds of the New York club, on Tuesday and Wednesday, August 27th and 28th, the result being the success of the New York eleven, whose score, in their first innings, exceeded that of their opponents in two, by 25 runs. The weather on Tuesday was very favorable, though warm, and the ground was in excellent condition, the wicket being a beauty. Both parties were promptly on hand at the call of time, the game being commenced at 11:15. The match occupied but 6 hours and 45 minutes actual time in playing. When play was called, Messrs. Sharp and Hudson were at the wickets facing the bowling of Burgess and Martin, the latter a very swift bowler, having an easy but peculiar delivery. Byes were the first runs obtained, after which Sharp got off some singles, but before he could obtain an average score, a shooter from Martin took his leg stump, the 1st wicket falling for 18. He was in over half an hour for his score of 3. Wilby succeeded him, and he and Hudson, for over an hour, gratified those present with as pretty a display of batting as the Massachusetts gentlemen had seen for some time, no less than 60 runs being added to the score before these "tough 'uns" were parted, which they were by Wilby's succumbing to a "lobby" from Robinson, who, together with Grinold, had been put on to bowl in place of Martin and Burgess, Barron and Florence having in the interim been tried in the scale of bowling and been found wanting. Wilby's score was 29, consisting of a fine cut for 3, seven twos, chiefly from fine forward play, and 12 singles, he being in an hour and 20 minutes. Higham took his place, but had only scored 4 before he was run out, the ball being well thrown in to Roddick, who was actively discharging the duties of wicket keeper, Robinson being taken off to bowl. Scudder was next, and had scored a drive for 2 and a single, when he was tempted to "go out at her," but missed "her," and next man was called. Steward was the individual, and he, after giving a chance to Barron, and losing his mid stump from one of Robinson's "lobs," gave place to Marsh. The 2d wicket had fallen for 78, and the 5th fell for 92, only 14 runs additional. Marsh faced Hudson, who had in the meantime being gradually and skilfully increasing his score, which, from 26, where it stood when he parted with Wilby, had mounted up to 40. Hudson was sent home also by one of Robinson's mischievous "lobs," a style of bowling that requires considerable judgment to play. Hudson's 40 was made up of two threes—a fine cut and a leg hit—eight twos—nearly all from pretty play to the off—and eighteen singles. His total score in this match, and those in the matches of East New York and Queen's County, four in all, was 201! which will give him a fine season's average. His wicket, the 6th, fell for 103, and the 9th went down for only 104, Marsh being caught at short leg by Franks for 4, and Crossley and Gillespie both being badly run out, the former from a fine throw of Burgess's and the latter from a good throw of Perams, Grinold, in both instances, handling the ball well at wicket. Seven wickets had thus fallen, since that of Wilby, for a score of 26 runs only, when Bailliere and Horton got in together, and sent their opponents to all parts of the field after the ball, which they knocked about in lively style for half an hour, and at the end of that time, Robinson again "lobbed" a wicket, Bailliere being his victim, his score being 11, in which a leg hit for 4 was prominent. Horton carried his bat out for a score of 14, in which a drive for 3 and two twos were conspicuous. The fielding in this innings was not first-class by any means, though several instances occurred worthy of praise, such as Roddick's and Robinson's activity at the wicket, and Perkins' long stopping. Perkins only allowing 6 balls to pass him out of 234 that were delivered. At 3:35 the Massachusetts eleven sent in Grinold and Florence to the bowling of Marsh and Crossley, and within ten minutes afterwards the 2d wicket had fallen for a blank score, a shooter from Crossley disposing of Grinold, and Florence being run out from a good throw of Hudson's to Higham, who handed the ball in style at the wicket. Wicket after wicket went down in rapid succession, Robinson and Perkins being the only two batsmen who successfully withstood the effective bowling opposed to them, and these two players batted very creditably indeed for their respective scores, which amounted to more than half the number obtained. Robinson was bowled by Marsh for 19, consisting of 3 threes, a drive and two leg hits, three twos, leg hits, and 4 singles; and Perkins carried his bat out for 15 made up by a fine cut for 5, two twos, and six singles; the last wicket falling for 47 three runs short of the number required to save them from following their innings, consequently, in a short time afterwards, they resumed their places at the wickets, Perkins and Robinson being their first players, to the bowling of Bailliere and Crossley. The first ball from Bailliere gave him a wicket, Perkins being by some mischance or other made to hit his wicket, Barron being his successor. The second over from Crossley disposed of him, the 2d wicket falling for 1 run only. Grinold now faced Robinson, and they were well in together, and had run up the score to 20, when stumps were drawn and the play closed for the day. On Wednesday at 11:30 the game was resumed. A drizzling rain had prevailed early in the morning, but before noon the weather cleared up. Robinson and Grinold again took their places at the wickets, but had not been long there when Robinson sprained his knee in running, and was carried off the field in great pain. In trying to make a run he had to return, and in so doing he sprained his knee and fell. The ball being wildly thrown in he pluckily tried to creep in to his ground; before he could do so, however, the leg stump was struck by the ball, but luckily for him, Crossley had previously knocked a bail off accidentally, and before a stump was knocked down, Robinson was in. To the credit of the players be it said, however, when it was known that he was hurt, no further attempt was made to put him out. This accident marred the pleasure of the game for sometime, but finally Robinson was enabled before the close of the innings, to assume his place again, Draper running for him. The total score of the innings amounted to 58, of which Robinson scored 14, by four pretty cuts, two for 3 each and the others for 2, and 4 singles; and Grinold 10, a leg hit for 3 and 3 twos being prominent; Florence 11, two drives for 3 each being conceable, and Franks 6, five of which were the result of two good drives, the remainder of the eleven players scoring blanks. The feature of these two innings was the fine fielding, at long-stop, of Wilby, who allowed but one ball to pass him out of 218. His style of play is so unostentatious that a looker on is not apt to give him the credit he deserves, but a more effective fielder or a better general player it would be difficult to find this side the Atlantic. His play on this occasion was excellent, especially when we take into consideration the trifling amount of practice he has had of late. The total score of the Massachusetts eleven was 105 to 130 on the part of New York, the latter thus winning in one innings with 25 runs to spare. The game was characterized throughout by that spirit of good fellowship which should always prevail on every such occasion, and despite their defeat, the Massachusetts gentlemen will return home exceedingly gratified with the cordial reception they have met with at the hands of the New York club. It gives us pleasure to state that there were no less than six American players among the Massachusetts eleven, of whom young Robinson is probably the most promising. There were five of the eleven from the Boston club, four from the Lowell, one from the Fall River, and one from the Shelbourne Falls club, all of those from Lowell getting double figures for their total scores. Lowell therefore holds the honors in this game. We append the score in full.

NEW YORK—First Innings.

Sharp b Martin	3	Crossley run out	0
Hudson b Robinson	40	Gillespie run out	0
Wilby b Robinson	29	Bailliere b Robinson	11
Higham run out	4	Horton not out	14
Scudder b Grimes	3	Byes 12, leg byes 4, w 4, n b 1	21
Steward b Robinson	1		
Marsh c Franks b Robinson	4	Total	130

MASSACHUSETTS.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Grinold b Crossley	0	b Crossley	10
Florence run out	0	not out	11
Robinson b Marsh	19	b Bailliere	14
Draper l b w b Marsh	2	b Crossley	0
Burgess b Crossley	1	b Bailliere	9
Barron b Crossley	0	b Crossley	0
Perkins not out	15	ht wkt b Bailliere	0
Crocket b Marsh	0	b Bailliere	0
Roddick c Higham b Crossley	3	b Bailliere	0
Franks c Hudson b Crossley	5	c Gillespie b Crossley	0
Martin run out	0	run out	0
Bye 1, leg bye 1	2	Leg byes 1, wides 7	8
Total	47	Total	68

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

MASSACHUSETTS—First Innings.

	Balls.	*Runs.*	*Maidens.*	*Wickets.*	*Wides.*
Burgess	72	22	6	0	1
Martin	88	27	4	1	0
Barron	16	7	1	0	3
Florence	8	2	1	0	0
Robinson	67	24	6	5	0
Grinold	52	27	1	1	0

NEW YORK—First Innings.

Marsh	64	19	9	3	0
Crossley	64	26	8	5	0

Second Innings

Bailliere	80	18	12	5	6
Crossley	80	32	8	4	1

Umpires—Messrs. Lumb and Sams.
Scorers—Messrs. Sullivan and Prince.
Time of game, six hours and forty-five minutes.

CRICKET AT LOWELL, MASS.—A match of considerable interest to those engaged in it, took place at Lowell, on the 24th ult. The contest was between the "Bleachery" and "United" elevens, and the match consisted of one innings for each party, as here given:—

UNITED.		BLEACHERY.	
Barnes b Manuel	0	A Cole c Devine b Marr	1
Marr b Thomas	0	Manuel b Marr	2
Sullivan b Manuel	18	Biggs c Marr b Barnes	0
McDermott b Thomas	4	Bartlett ht wkt b Barnes	4
Johnson b Manuel	1	Thomas b Marr	0
Leary b Manuel	12	Dorn b Marr	1
Smith not out	6	G Cole c Oates b Marr	2
Oates b Manuel	0	Barry b Barnes	0
Devine b Thomas	3	Willoughby c and b Marr	0
Murray b Thomas	7	Carr not out	5
Curry b Thomas	7	Cleary run out	1
Byes 4, wide 1	5	Wides	2
Total	63	Total	18

CRICKET IN ENGLAND.

FOURTEEN OF KENT VS ENGLAND.—This great annual Cricket week at Canterbury opened on Monday, August 12, with a match between Fourteen of Kent and Eleven of England. The weather, during the match, was all that could be desired. The turf of the Cricket Field was very hard, and, as at Maidstone, several of the opponents of Kent got severely bruised by the Kentish high bowling on hard wickets. Kent went in first and got 134, Goodhew getting the best score, 37, Mr. Kelson not far behind him. Caffyn bowled very well for the England Eleven this innings, and got seven wickets. Daft and Mr. Nicholson then opened the innings of England to the bowling of Willsher and Baker. It at once became apparent that the England Eleven had a perilous task before them, in playing the high bowling of Willsher on the hard wickets. Ten runs were got with difficulty, when Mr. Nicholson was well caught by Mr. Barber; Grundy followed, and Mr. B., soon allowed him to escape. The fielding was, however, generally very good, for the ball glanced rapidly and erratically off the lively turf, trying the field to the utmost. At 30 runs on, Kelson came on for Baker, Grundy got a nasty crack or two off Willsher, renewed a torn glove, and soon tipped one to Fryer at the wicket; 46 for two wickets. Hayward then joined Daft, and ran out very soon and frequently to meet Bennett's round slows, he having come on for Mr. Kelson. At 60 up, Daft turned one up off Bennett, and disappeared for 22 including two fours, three twos, and ones. Grundy's 18 included a 5, two for 4, a 3, &c. Carpenter joined Hayward, and it looked like now or never for an innings for England; if the defensive powers of Hayward and the hitting of both could not do it, nothing could against the bowling on the present wickets. Carpenter was well caught by the extra man in the field—about short leg—in his first over, 64 for four wickets. Parr followed, drove a four, his total, when Willsher bowled him, 74 for half the wickets. Hayward, evidently bent on making hay while the sun shone, ran out to Bennett's bowling constantly. If he were to be peppered by Willsher, he would get some runs first somehow. Hayward had scored 18 when he was stumped this way off Bennett. Caffyn then opened his innings spiritedly, but he soon like the rest, got his share of cracks and a few over; the last favor he received knocked his bat from his hand and jumped into his wicket for 6. 82 on at close of play on Monday evening for seven wickets. Lilly was given out off Willsher's first over on Tuesday; 82 for eight wickets. Mr. Fellowes then made a short, sharp innings of 11, when he was caught by the extra man, Hopkinson, just as Carpenter had been before. Stephenson made 4, when a ball from Willsher, timidly dealt with, was caught by Bennett; the fielding being still very good, 93 for nine, 98 for ten wickets. It was still some minutes short of noon when Grundy and Stephenson began the bowling for England. Mr. Norton and Bennett batting. The bowling was very close, and only one run was got off the four first overs. Bennett fell for 0 at 3 on. Goodhew followed with some very sharp hits, not getting many runs, as they always went straight to fielders. He was soon well caught behind the wickets by Jackson for 6; three wickets for 16, the bowling being very good, and without laming the players. Stephenson was now bowling well, but Willsher got a couple of fours off him before he took his wicket for 13; 28 for four wickets. Mr. Kelson and Captain Denne then made some very vigorous hitting, especially off Stephenson, who was, thereupon, removed for Hayward. Kelson drove him for four, but was bowled by Hayward in his next over; 58 for five wickets. Captain Denne had now an escape—the sun shining in the face of Jackson, trying for the catch. Caffyn had come on for Grundy. Mr. Norman now got a couple of fours off his bowling, but the pet of the Oval got rid of Captain Denne next over; 76 for six wickets. Stephenson then came on again for Hayward, but Mr. Norman hitting twice for four in succession, H. H., was taken off again; and now for Jackson. Jackson bowled much better than he has done recently, and got rid of no less than six wickets. The "demon" was evidently recovering. These wickets fell—105 for seven and eight, and finally 148 for total.

The attendance on the second day was gay, and animated in the extreme. The raised side of the ground was one long line of charming color, from the pretty summer costumes of the ladies of the county. The ladies of Kent assemble at a cricket match at Canterbury with more heartiness than we meet elsewhere. Military music each day lent its aid, giving cheerfulness and life wherever cricket did not supply it. The Zingari, Marylebone Club B. B.'s had began to assemble, too, in their picturesque costumes and ribands. Hayward and Jackson opened the final innings of the match for the Eleven, Willsher and Bennett bowling. Jackson soon went for 0. Daft then opened one of his masterly displays, and put on 44 that day, not out. Grundy followed, got a knock or two, and was soon out. Carpenter next, much hurt three times, went for 9, being very cleverly caught by Mr. Barber off Bennett, having, however, made one very fine hit to the booths. Caffyn was then given run out by the decision of Pilch, causing some discontent. This closed play for the day, 84 on for seven wickets.

Daft and Mr. Nicholson opened the play on Wednesday, Fryer standing "all clear" of the wicket, and Willsher bowling. Daft was soon much hurt, and lay on the ground several minutes. When Daft is hurt thus, it must be beyond the power of mortal man to defend himself, for we have no more artistic, clever, and complete defence than Daft's. Mr. Nicholson's 10, and Daft's 55, put on 17 runs before they were separated. 101 for seven wickets. Mr. Fellows now had another short innings of extraordinary spirit for 16, including a 6, when he was caught off a fine long hit by Goodhew. Stephenson, the last wicket, was also well caught by Mr. Pepys; so Kent won by 54 runs, thanks to her peculiar bowling on very hard wickets as at Maidstone, which makes a cricket field not a bad school for surgical studies among those who have the temerity to oppose Kentish bowling. Daft's innings included a six, two fives, five fours, &c. The fielding of Kent was at times flurried, but on the whole excellent, several very fine feats being performed, such as the throw out of Caffyn by Mr. Barber, and the catches and stopping by several others. The score:—

KENT.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Bennett c Carpenter b Caffyn	0	c Stephenson b Grundy	0
Norton c Parr b Caffyn	18	b Stephenson	3
Willsher b Hayward	9	b Stephenson	13
Hopkinson b Caffyn	0	c and b Jackson	0
Pepys b Hayward	7	b Jackson	7
Norman b Hayward	0	c Parr b Grundy	27
Denne st Stephenson b Caffyn	1	b Caffyn	21
Goodhew c Stephenson b Hayward	32	c Jackson b Stephenson	6
Taswell b Caffyn	12	c Stephenson b Jackson	13
Fryer c Jackson b Caffyn	0	c Parr b Jackson	0
Kelson not out	26	b Hayward	18
Austin c Grundy b Caffyn	20	b Jackson	23
Barber b Hayward	0	not out	3
Baker b Hayward	0	b Jackson	3
Leg byes 2, bye 1, wide 1	4	Leg byes 7, byes 2, wide 2	11
Total	134	Total	148

ENGLAND:

First Innings		Second Innings.	
Nicholson c Barber b Willsher	5	b Willsher	10
Daft c Baker b Bennett	22	c Taswell b Baker	55
Grundy c Fryer b Willsher	18	c and b Bennett	0
Hayward st Fryer b Bennett	18	b Willsher	12
Carpenter c Hopkinson b Willsher	0	c Barber b Bennett	9
Parr b Willsher	4	c Hopkinson b Willsher	2
Caffyn b Willsher	6	run out	13
Stephenson c Bennett b Willsher	4	Pepys b Bennett	6
Fellowes c Hopkinson b Willsher	11	c Goodhew b Bennett	16
Lillywhite c Kelson b Willsher	0	not out	0
Jackson not out	1	c Hopkinson b Willsher	0
Byes 7, wides 2	9	Leg bye 1, byes 5, no ball 1	7
Total	98	Total	139

Umpires—Mr. F. Pilch and Mr. Sewell.

KENT VS SURREY.—The first named county of England, appears to be taking its former cricketing position, after an eclipse of some few years, and now takes the field with a strong team, as indeed it must do to gain such a victory over Surrey as it did on August 2d and 3d. As we cannot afford the space for extended remarks, we give the score alone, which will be all sufficient for a cricketer to understand and appreciate the merits of the contesting elevens. See what an eleven Surrey had, and what a whipping they got, although we perceive that Kent had some difficulty in harpooning a "Whale":—

SURREY.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Griffith b Baker	6	b Willsher	5
J Cæsar c Fryer b Baker	17	c Vesey b Willsher	23
Stepherson run out	3	b Baker	42
Lockyer not out	41	c Baker b Willsher	0
Caffyn b Baker	4	c Goodhew b Traill	0
F Miller b Baker	3	c Fayer b Wulsher	8
Mortlock b Willsher	6	b Willsher	14
F Cæsar b Baker	7	b Willsher	0
Mudie b Baker	0	not out	45
Sherman c Traill b Willsher	0	b Baker	0
Whale b Baker	6	b Vesey	26
Byes 2, leg bye 1	3	Byes 7, leg byes 4, wide 1	12
Total	96	Total	175

KENT.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Fryer run out	6		
W Norton run out	11		
Willsher b Mudie	16	not out	42
Bennett not out	66	not out	42
W Traill b Sherman	32		
F Vesey b Stephenson	1		
Hopkinson b Stephenson	0	st Lockyer b Miller	2
Goodhew c J Cæsar b Miller	10		
A Pepys c and b Mudie	19		
G Kelson st Lockyer b Mudie	6		
Baker c J Cæsar b Caffyn	7		
Byes 5, leg byes 4, wides 2	11	Leg bye	1
Total	185	Total	87

Umpires—Messrs. Fuller Pilch, and Sewell, sen.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER FORTY-TWO.

Charles Grantham—His Battles with Sampson & Red Robin.

Although the above pugilist was never fortunate enough to claim the immediate attention of the Swells at the West End of the town, yet a braver or a better man never peeled in the Prize Ring, than Grantham, alias Gybletts, who was matched against Phil. Sampson for £50 a side, which battle was decided on Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, July 17, 1821. It was only the out-and-out part of the Fancy that attended upon this occasion. At one o'clock, Sampson threw his white topper into the ring, attended by Spring and the Gas-light Man; and, in a few minutes afterwards, Gybletts, followed by Harmer and Bob Purcell, repeated the token of defiance. From the well known active qualities of Sampson he was the favorite at 6 and 7 to 4. Sampson appeared in excellent condition; and he told his friends he should win it in twenty minutes. Gybletts, in point of strength and stamina, was by far the best man. One hour and four minutes were occupied before Sampson was defeated: it is however, but justice to say of him, that he, assisted by his seconds, strained every nerve to win, and he did not finally resign the contest until Nature had quite deserted him. Gybletts was the most punished; and, in the early part of the fight it was almost 2 to 1 against him; but his strength and other good qualities enabled him to tire out Sampson. The latter, as in all other fights, went off from weakness. The flash side lost their blunt, and it is not unworthy of remark, that on the same day of the previous year, (the 17th of July,) Sampson was defeated by Martenat North Walsham, near Norwich.

After Red Robin had defeated a milling cove, denominated Mr. Bundolloch at No Man's Land, on Tuesday, August 30, 1825, Gybletts entered the ring with Red Robin for a subscription purse of £10. Red Robin was a game fellow, and offered himself without hesitation to the notice of the amateurs. Gybletts was not quite so young or so fresh as when he exhibited himself in his battles with Rasber and Sampson. Davy Hudson and Scroggins stuck to the ould one as his seconds, and Red Robin was waited upon by Fishwick and Fogo. Gybletts the favorite.

Round 1. Red Robin peeled well, and appeared a gay, strong young fellow, and set to like a mad bull, head foremost. Gybletts soon put in a tremendous ogler, striking a light upon his nob, without the aid of a tinder-box. The Red One napped at every point—Gybletts milling on the retreat, till he sent poor Robin down on the ground. Three to one, and great applause for Gybletts.

2. The fighting of the Ould One was the admiration of all the amateurs. Robin again bored in with all his strength, to do execution, but the retreating system pursued by Gybletts made him safe as to punishment. Robin received so often from his adversary, that he was quite at a stand still for an instant, and the claret running down all over his mug. He revived a little, and again he rushed forward, but it was only to nap it at every move, till he went down. Any odds.

3. Robin was of no use; but it is true that he put in, by "habgrab," a tremendous blow on the Ould One's gullet—a sort of choker to a cove without pluck. The Red Blade got a blow on the eye, one on the conk, and another on the chaffing closet, and, in fact, he was nothing else but a chopping-block for Gybletts to exercise his science upon. In closing, both down.

4. This was a similar round, and the Red one was cut up all to pieces. He had not a shadow of chance. Gybletts also made him a down y cove this time.

5. The strength of Robin enabled him to bore in on his adversary, and, like a regular glutton, he appeared determined not to be satisfied without a complete belly full.

6. Gybletts might be compared to a grand carver at a feast; in truth he made a giblet pie of Red Robin, and served him up in prime style as a treat to the amateurs. He spoiled his walkers; he damaged his fivers; he cut up his upper crust; he trimmed his gizzard; and, by way of a finish, he touched his heart. Indeed, Red Robin was now reduced to a shadow in the presence of Gybletts—the substance or pith was all taken out of him: it was against "My Reddy" one hundred pounds to a farthing. Both down, and Gybletts also falling very heavy on "Poor Cock Robin!"

7. Very near over, but not quite; the above cock proved himself a game cock, nothing like the dunghill in his breed. He was one of Tom Owen's sort—"D'ye mind me, fight, my boy—if you can't fight you can't win!" Lots of pepper, till Cock Robin fell out of the ropes. ["Take him away!"]

8, and last. The topping system was in full practice, till poor Cock Robin went down quite exhausted! ["He shall not fight any more this time," said one of his friends.] It was over in thirteen minutes.

REMARKS.—The above battle was one of the richest displays of science over ruffianism ever witnessed: it was regularly polishing off a fellow with the utmost ease and confidence.

INGENIOUS MODE OF FISHING IN AFRICA.—A quantity of reeds of such length as to suit the depth of water for which they are intended, are collected, tied into bundles, and cut even at both ends. These reeds are then spread in single layers flat on the ground, and sewn together—very much in the same way as ordinary mats, but by a less laborious process. It does not much matter what the length of these mats may be, as they can be easily lengthened or shortened as need may require. When a locality, then, has been decided on for fishing operations, a certain number of these mattings are introduced into the water on their ends, that is, in a vertical position, and placed either in a circle, semicircle, or a line, according to the shape of the lagoon or shallow which is to be enclosed. Open spaces, from three to four feet wide, are, however, left at certain intervals, and into these apertures the toils, consisting of bee hive shaped masses of reeds, are introduced. The diameter of these at the mouth varies with the depth to which they have to descend, the lower side being firmly fastened to the bottom of the water, whilst the upper is usually on a level with its surface, or slightly rising above it. In order thoroughly to disguise these ingenious traps, grasses and weeds are thrown carelessly over and around them.

To kiss the hand of a pretty girl, after her lips, is like the practice of children who, when they have eaten the apple, fall to the paring, out of a love they bear the fruit.

THE TWO CHAMPIONS.

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

"The childe of Elle he fought so well,
As his weapon he warde amaine,
That soone he slew that carlish knight,
And layde him on the playne."

THE CHILDE OF ELLE.

In the early part of the reign of Henry the Second of France, a famous combat was fought between the Esquires of the Court, named Jarnac and Chataignerale. Some words of the former were construed by Chataigneraie to reflect upon his (Jarnac's) step mother, and he afterwards repeated them at Court. When Jarnac heard of the calumny that was abroad, he came before Francis I., and declared that whoever had given birth to such a report "lied in his throat." A challenge immediately passed between Chataignerale and Jarnac, but Francis forbade the combat. No sooner, however, did Henry II. succeed to the throne than Jarnac renewed his challenge. The king assented, lists were prepared at St. Germain, and Henry and his court attended. Both champions having sworn to the justness of their quarrel, the king gave the signal, and the combat began.

The combatants were armed in proof, and fought on foot with sword and buckler. Jarnac was a slightly formed man, and being opposed to a fierce, haughty, and powerful adversary, a lively interest was felt in his behalf. It was a goodly sight to see how the sparks flew from their swords and helmets, with what care they foyned, and how skilfully they traversed hither and thither with short, quick steps, striking, thrusting, warding, as they alternately pressed forward and receded; and now was Jarnac beaten back by the overbearing force of his enemy. Covering himself with his buckler, he retired before the increasing violence of his adversary, and cautiously watched for an opportunity which might be afforded by the other's fierce haste. At length, by a lucky stroke, he dealt Chataignerale a dreadful blow upon the leg, and completely disabled him. He fell to the ground, and Jarnac, standing over him with his sword pointed at his throat, required him to confess the calumnies he had uttered. This the wounded man refused to do, and, therefore, his life became justly forfeited to the conqueror, who, however, generously placed it in the hands of King Henry.

The proud and haughty Chataignerale, mortified by his unexpected defeat, refused to be spared, and on his wounds being dressed, he tore away the bandages, and died from effusion of blood. Such was the judicial combat fought between two Squires in the year 1547. The Squire, be it observed, was not the mere attendant of the knight, as is vulgarly supposed; nor was he always a candidate for knighthood, as is frequently assumed by writers upon chivalry.

NONSUITING A CREDITOR.—There was a certain lawyer on the Cape a long time ago, a man well to do in the world, and what was something surprising in a limb of the law, averse to encouraging litigation.

One day a client came to him in a violent rage.

"Look a here, squire," said he, "that 'ere blasted shoemaker down to Pidgeon Cove has gone and sued me for the money I owed him."

"Did the boots suit you?"

"Oh! yes. I've got 'em on; fust rate boots."

"Fair price?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then you owe him the money honestly."

"'Course."

"Well, why don't you pay him?"

"Why, 'cause the blasted snob went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of the money if I can."

"It will cost you something."

"I don't keer a cuss for that! How much money do you want to begin with?"

"Oh, ten dollars will do."

"Is that all? Well, here's a ten, so go ahead!" said the client; "that's the pay in the beginning."

Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker, and asked him what he meant by commencing legal proceedings against M.

"Why," said he, "I kept on sending to him till I got tired. I know'd he was able to pay, and I was 'termined to make him. That's the long and short of it."

"There's a trifle to pay on account of your proceedings—but I think you'd better take this five dollars, and call it square."

"Certain, square, if you say so, and darned glad to get it," was the answer.

So the lawyer gave him one V, and kept the other. In a few days the client came along, and asked him how he got along with the case.

"Rapidly!" cried the lawyer; "we've nonsuited him, he'll never trouble you."

"Jerusalem! that's great!" cried the client. "I'd rather a gin fifty dollars than have him get the money for them boots!"

THE COVE FOR A HUSBAND, highly recommended by himself. "I have lived solitary long enough; I want somebody to talk at and quarrel with—then kiss and make up again. Therefore I am open for proposals from young ladies and fresh widows of more than average respectability; tolerably tame in disposition, and hair of any other color than red. As nearly as I can judge of myself, I am not over eighty nor under twenty-five years of age. In height I am either five feet eight or eight feet five, forget which. Weight 135, or 315, or 531, one of the three; recollect each figure perfectly well, but as to their true arrangement, am somewhat puzzled. Have a whole suit of hair, dyed by nature and free from dandruff. Eyes butternut brindle, tinged with pea green. Nose blunt according to the Ionic order of architecture, with a touch of the Composite, and a mouth between a catfish and an alligator's—made especially for oratory and the reception of large oysters. Ears palmated, long and elegantly shaped. My whiskers are a combination of a dog hair, moss and briar bush—well behaved, fearfully luxuriant.

I am sound in limb and on the nigger question. Wear boots No. 9, when corns are troublesome, and can write poetry by the mile, with double rhyme on both edges—to read backward, forward, crosswise, diagonally. Can play the jews-harp and base drum, and whistle Yankee Doodle in Spanish. Am very correct in my morals, and first-rate at ten-pins; have a regard for the Sabbath, and never drink only when invited. Am a domestic animal, and perfectly docile—when towels are clean and shirt buttons all right. If I possess a predominating virtue, it is that of forgiving every enemy whom I deem it hazardous to handle. I say my prayers every night, mosquitoes permitting; and as to whether I snore in my sleep, I want some one to tell me. Money is no object, as I never was troubled with any and never expect to be."

REAPING ON A WAGER—Garrett Smith, of the town of Burnett, Wisconsin, recently proposed to reap twenty acres of wheat on his farm in the town of Burnett, with a reaper much in use nowadays, and one span of horses, between sun and sun, on a wager of one hundred dollars. This offer was accepted by H. W. Hawley and the stakes put up. Mr Smith was to select his own team, but the span were not to exceed 2,100 pounds in weight. At 35 minutes past four the job was done and well done, not a handful of wheat being left standing on the whole twenty acres. The cutting time was 10 hours and 24 minutes. A rest of an hour and fifteen minutes was taken at noon. It will thus be seen that this single team and reaper averaged about two acres an hour for ten hours, having finished while the sun was yet two hours high. It was estimated that the piece would average from 18 to 20 bushels per acre.

AN exchange gives the following as the substance of the verdict of a recent coroner's jury on a man who died in a state of inebriation:—

"Death by hanging—round a rum shop!"

THEATRICAL RECORD.

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The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

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Five in number, in classical groupings and daring feats Continued success of HERNANDEZ'S new and original GRAND PANTOMIME of the
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Third week of J. H BUDWORTH, MLLE WHELPLEY, MLLE. AUGUSTA WALBY, MLLE. CONSTANTINE, and numerous BALLET CORPS, every evening.
N. B.—GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY. 21

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E. W. PRESCOTT, J. C. REEVES, D. J. MAGUINNIS.
J. S. GILBERT, J. J HILLIARD,
Nothing will be be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors. [16] LON MORRIS, Manager.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
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ETHIOPIAN PROFESSION.—The undersigned is desirous to know the whereabouts of Mr. Jasper H Ross, formerly of Rumsey and Newcomb's Minstrels. Should he see this, would be happy to hear from him relative to business, as soon as possible.
First class talent, wishing to make engagements, will please address the undersigned. None others need apply.
Professionals making application for engagements, will please enumerate their different qualifications as artists. Address
2f GEO. KUNKEL, Post Office, Baltimore, Md.

THE AVONITES meet every Tuesday evening at 211 8th Avenue
42 3m* HARRY EAMES, President

THE "NONPAREIL" DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, meets every Monday evening. All communications should be addressed to 211 8th Avenue. [5 3m*] H ROLPH, President.

MISS ANNIE WAITE'S address, recently required for by a correspondent, is No. 48, Wall street, Boston, Mass.

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MISS HELEN WESTERN.—The versatile and accomplished star, "The beautiful Queen of Song and Dance" appears nightly in her role of new and attractive characters, at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, it being the third week of her engagement. All letters on business to be directed to WM B. ENGLISH. 2:*

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☞ We have letters for J. Taylor, Mr. Blaisdell, of Swiss Bell Ringers, A. Phelps and E. A. Selden.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Sept. 2, 1861.

Day is breaking. The first rays of returning dawn are faintly seen through the clouds and fogs that have cast such a gloom over our once happy land during the past few months. Yes, day is breaking, and the night of our darkness is slowly but steadily giving place to glimpses of sunshine and brightness, harbingers of better times to come. We have been the rounds of our public places of amusement during the past week, and everything gave evidence of returning prosperity. Indeed we scarcely expected to find business looking so favorable, and began to have our doubts whether the "revival" was legitimate and sound, but upon a closer observation of "men and manners," we came to the conclusion that but little "paper" was in circulation, and that the patronage vouchsafed to managers was, to a large extent, "pure and undefiled." Theatres, concert, and minstrel halls alike share in the resuscitation, every place showing an improved condition of the treasury during the past two weeks; and no really extraordinary efforts have been made by managers to bring about this result. It seems to be a "voluntary contribution" of the people, a desire to give "aid and comfort" to those who seek to amuse us in times like these, when the heart is filled with gloomy forebodings concerning the future of our "Native Land." And when our theatres show an improved and steady front, you may be sure that there is a corresponding improvement in business circles generally; and such we find to be the case. Trade is picking up in town and country; the North is learning how to live within itself, to protect its own interests, and to encourage and support those who are true to the Union. Everywhere in those States where the "Stars and Stripes" are still held sacred, business is reviving, the result of a confidence in the power and ability of the government to cast out traitors and crush the rebellion. These evidences of a revival do not loom up in gigantic proportions, but they are sufficient to convince us that we have reached the turning point, both in our civil and military affairs. The achievement of our Fortress Monroe naval expedition in the capture of the rebel forts and batteries at Hatteras Inlet, with their entire garrison, ammunition, cannons, etc., is just in time to assist in the general revival. The vast sums of money disbursed by the government in the loyal States, will contribute to give an impetus to the returning animation already visible and our places of amusement will come in for a share of the good things. Managers are beginning to hurry up their arrangements for the fall and winter campaign by getting their houses in proper order, and seeing the "players well bestowed." By the close of this month nearly every theatre in the loyal States will be in operation. They will have better companies than ever, for those performers who have been accustomed to engage for Southern theatres will remain in the North, instead of risking their lives in a section of country where anarchy rules. The South will be almost barren of amusements of a legitimate character, for few persons will give their time and services where there is no prospect of getting anything in return but ill usage and "Confederate Bonds." Thus, the bulk of the theatrical and show profession will remain in the North, and the competition between managers will induce them probably to secure "efficient companies" in reality. A victory for the Union army across the Potomac is all that is needed to give increased confidence to "all good men and true." Day is breaking, and "the people are free."

Wandering through different neighborhoods within the past week, we have realised something like the reverse of the auctioneer's "going, going, gone," in the "coming, coming" and prospective "come," there and then furnished us, particularly by the small groups of professionals we have stumbled against. About Houston and Bleecker streets have we noticed this particularly, as there our friends, the professionals, are wont to congregate when not engaged in their active duties at the theatre—as the merchants of Venice were wont to gather on the Rialto, of which old Shylock makes such affectionate mention. On these well-known highways are certain places where, according to Shakespeare, a man can seek the true enjoyment, with "all appliances to boot." All classes of the community seem to have been thought of by the proprietors of the same, and, in one or two instances, people not belonging to *our* community in any shape or form. There is an "Office," for the gentleman of business; a "Retreat," for one who desires a respite from the noise and bustle of every-day life; a "Grotto," wherein the admirer of shade and coolness can stretch himself along; and to come to the institutions foreign to us generally, but no doubt acceptable enough to their *habitues*, there are a "House of Lords" and a "House of Commons," wherein individuals with legislative proclivities can beguile their afternoons in an exceedingly agreeable manner. All these are favorite haunts with our friends, the actors, whom we have seen both outside and inside the buildings, during the bygone week—mostly perhaps, in the latter respect. And we think we can so see them now, and hear them talking among themselves of the season that is to be, of the first grand novelty, and the parts they have been respectively cast. There, for example, is Buskin, the funny man; he has had a prime character given to him, and he is describing to a listener the nature of the "points" he means to make—all the while luxuriating over the anticipation of applause which will wait on his efforts. Near him is a brother actor, quite as well pleased with what has been awarded to him by the "powers that be"—only a little more anxious to get quite up in his part, which he is reading rather nervously—now and then taking a turn of a few yards on the pavement, and then standing still again; not forgetting the peculiar action of all players in his position—the tighter fixing of his hat upon his head, as though with the view of keeping what he has already there so fixed as be incapable of escape when he is really obliged to uncover. There is a third professional—an older man than either of the two we have described. He is pleased, and *not* pleased. The first, because he has a part which he knows he can do well; the second, simply because he *must* grumble. But to take him at his own word, he has been rather slighted by the management, in having such a part assigned to him as it contains several "up hill" passages. However, he (our friend) will make a feature of the part, just for the purpose of proving that he is a man not to be deterred by difficulties. The next gentleman we see is the leading juvenile, who appears happily reckless of all preparation. His part in the opening piece is the long-est as well as the best, but he has not as yet studied a line, nor will he do so until after the third rehearsal—the fourth being the last, when he will also be obliged to refer to his manuscript frequently, though it says in the Rules and Regulations, nailed up in the green room, that all persons must be perfect in what they have to say, on the occasion adverted to. There are some of the less important actors about, who do not exactly know what they have to do, but are living in the hope that they have been considered too. At intervals, the musical and mechanical members of the establishment come at hand will pass by, one with a score of notes on a large sheet of paper, rolled up, truncheon-like, in his hand; the others, carrying a paint brush or a rule, and looking rather serious, for both music and scenery are to go a great way in securing the triumph of the forthcoming novelty. At about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, there will be a stir near the front of the theatre—a little sweeping or a thorough washing of the floors and stairs, and a momentary glimpse of a burly gentleman about the treasurer's office. At the same time, the lessee will be seen to enter at the stage door, probably with some MSS. in hand, and with a *toilette* not quite so perfect as it sometimes is; while on the principle that big lights attract little lights, you will not fail of seeing groups of juvenile playgoers hanging, as it were, on the skirts of the actors, and debating, with a look of half wonder, and speech properly subdued, the probabilities of the pending term at the theatres. It is very likely too, that we, having seen enough, and business calling us to other parts, may, on turning a corner, receive evidence of the coming opening. "Another of the mummers!" exclaim we, as we view, in friendly conversation with the fat German grocer in at No. 999, Mr. Sear, the "utility" gentleman, who has himself and a small family to keep on $8 per week, and is now, in the glad overflowings of his honest heart, assuring Mynheer that the "old account" shall soon be paid.

That impudent comedian, J S Clarke, who has had the effrontery to squat himself in the "great city of New York," *after* achieving a reputation in the "little village of Philadelphia," continues to draw very respectable audiences to the Winter Garden, notwithstanding some of our critics have been pitching into him rather severely. For why? Because, forsooth, among other follies committed by the green villager, Mr. Clarke had the audacity to play "Toodles" in a manner entirely different from that according to which the late Mr. Burton played it. These critics seem to forget that Mr. Clarke, being a villager, is still verdant, unaccustomed to *our* ways, and in ignorance of our likes and dislikes. *He* thought—poor simple creature—that as Burton is dead, his Toodles should be buried with him; *he* did'nt know that we prefer the imitator to the man who has gumption enough to originate; *he* thought Burton's Toodles was played out when the remains of that comedian were consigned to their last resting place. But to make the matter worse, despite the admonitions of our "censors" of New York theatricals; deep to the reiterations that Mr. Clarke was not playing Toodles according to the "customs of the country," that actor—with "malice aforethought," and with annihilation staring him in the face if he persisted in his ruinous course—has actually repeated the character according to *his* conception of the part, and in violation of all previous rules. Just to think of the obstinacy of the man—after being informed time and again that he was not "to the manor born," that he was schooled in the "small village" of Philadelphia, where they only raise "ball stoppers," and that he should do thus and so when he is permitted to appear in the "big city of New York," after all this, the incorrigible rascal goes on in his own way, and pays no more attention to the critics than as if *they* were so many noodles, and *he* a man of genius. Well, what is the result? Is he annihilated? Is he "ruinated?" No, for the people are as obstinate and verdant as he is, and they attend his performances in really large numbers. So to please the people instead of the critics, he announces his Toodles for to-night again, being the thirteenth time. Mr Clark's business has been decidedly good. To be sure, a few orders have assisted in swelling the audiences, but the receipts at the box office have more than realised "Great Expectations." It is probable that this week will close Mr. Clarke's engagement, when he will be succeeded by Mrs. John Wood.

Speaking of Mrs. John Wood's opening at the Winter Garden, recalls to mind the report that Mr. A. H. Davenport has been engaged to perform with her. We presume the statement is correct, Mr. Davenport is one of those who formed a military company in New Orleans for the purpose of aiding the Confederate States in their unholy rebellion against the United States Government. Mr. Mark Smith is another. The latter undertook to show at the Winter Garden after his return from the rebel States, and notwithstanding a number of kindred spirits were packed in the house to "support" Mr Smith, he was compelled by the force of loyal public opinion to show his colors, and on the stage of the Winter Garden, and in the presence of Union loving citizens, to proclaim himself a "Union man." So far so good; Mr. Smith was not molested after that. Another member of the Southern military organization referred to, is announced as shortly to appear at the Winter Garden. Of course it is understood that we refer to Mr. "Dolly" Davenport. To avoid a scene similar to that which took place on the occasion of Mr. Smith's reappearance, let us advise Mr. Davenport to set himself right on the Union question *before* he reappears upon a loyal stage, and before a loyal audience. He has never done this, satisfactorily, and as it is probable that he may be called upon at an inopportune moment, he will consult his own interests, and relieve the anxiety of his friends, by publishing in the daily journals a statement embodying his views on the Union question, and proclaiming himself, if he is, a Union man, that it may be read *both North and South*. Let him do this, and he may be able to retain many of his old friends; a shirking of the question may tend to his disadvantage.

On Saturday evening we attended the "revival" now in progress at Bryants' Minstrels' Hall. Although we reached there just as the entertainment commenced, yet we found every seat occupied, both in the body of the house, and in the gallery, and seats were also placed in the middle aisle, as in "days of yore." A few months ago, when the storm first struck our "Ship of State," the Bryants, who had been doing an immense business for three consecutive years, were among the first to feel the pressure; their audiences began to grow smaller night after night—the gallery was almost entirely deserted—the lower part of the house was just so, and things looked shady enough: so the boys made more money by closing the house for a few weeks for renovation. But now, all is bright again—as they were among the first to feel the pressure, so they are among the first to feel the beneficial effects of the revival. For the past two weeks their hall has been packed, and that the ushers know *how* to pack, at Bryants', you can go your pile. The company is very good, and make a grand show. Eph Horn and Dan Bryant do the funny business, and they have now a number of fresh and really clever acts, among which is "Doctor Tumbiety Outdone." A very funny version of the Julien Concerts is also given, in which that "little monster" curiosity, Japanese Tommy, is introduced as a *prima donna*. In his solo on Saturday night, Tommy could scarcely reach the "upper notes"—probably he was "too full for utterance," for they say he stows away his rations with wonderful alacrity and endurance. That old act, "Billy, I O U," was given in good style, and was loudly applauded; a repetition of the close was demanded, but this was refused, and for a time there was quite an uproar. Mr. Garatagui, who was on for a solo on the cornet, came forward, and commenced to blow, but the blowing in front was too strong for him, and he was compelled to retire; but still the Billy I O U.'s refused to repeat, and the cornet again tried it, eventually silencing the noise in front. The bills state that positively there shall be no repetition of an act, and we presume the managers could not well deviate from the rule, without rendering the blockade inefficient; so foreign powers, strong though they may be, will please take notice, and be satisfied with what they get from regular sources. Sher. Campbell's ballads and Tyrolean warblings give increased interest to the entertainments of the Bryants, and are always well received. Go early, if you wish to secure a seat.

Big thing at the New Bowery, too. Charles Gaylor's war drama of "Bull Run" has taken the east siders by storm. The receipts during the first week footed up to something more than $2200 cash; so the revival has reached the Bowery. Mr Lingard looks happier than ever, and don't care a toss up whether he wins or loses while playing a game of billiards at George Worden's. Mr. Fox looks serene and calm as a summer morn, is at peace with all the world, but down on the rest of mankind in the rebel States. We saw John Dennett, too, the other evening. John, you know, keeps the restaurant under the New Bowery, and when business is good up stairs, there is "high life below stairs," and Dennett and the rest are in their element. All hands are so elated at the revival that they go around smashing hats, so that Jim Cute may share in the general prosperity. Neighbour Bunce "did strictually twice" cove our hat in, one evening last week. Clute is now making us a new one. So it goes round. Very likely we may be able to sell a few more CLIPPERS on the strength of this notice. But this has nothing to do with "Bull Run." This is announced as the last week of the war play, which will give place to other novelties.

The Concert Saloons are also doing an improved business. We attended Broadway Music Hall during the week, and at once perceived that the attendance was much better than when we were last present. The house, however, was not full; no, nor two-thirds full, for it will hold a large audience; but there was a paying audience present, and that is doing well in the beginning of a revival. How Mr Butler has been enabled to keep such an expensive establishment open during the hard times we have just passed through, is a wonder to us. But he has paid salaries, and a rent of $1000 per month! Here, too, we found things more lively. The "pretty waiter girls" looked their prettiest, and were oftener "out of change" when a quarter was given them to pay for a nip than we ever knew them to be before. So you see, even the waiter girls profit by the revival. The "quills of the concert saloon" were extremely liberal, and the *habitues* generally "spent their money freely," and ogled the "girls with auburn locks." "Revealments" met the eyes of "ye pure and unadulterated sinner" as he gazed upon the low necked beauties of the perambulating nymphs. *We* didn't look, though, mind that; *our* eyes were upon the men as they followed in the dim distance the almost hidden treasures of some "matchless form." But the "matchless forms," like their "nip," and many an infatuated fellow-man did we see led to the slaughter. Some of the girls are comely as the girl we sit up with, while others are only passable. On the stage, things were going on lively, the principal attractions presenting themselves while we were present being the celebrated Orrin Family of Acrobats, Galetti, the most artistic dancer in the city; and Billy Birch and Ben Cotton, Ethiopian comedians. Others there were, but they had gone from our gaze. The house generally fills up while Galetti is on, for she is a dashing creature, and our "foreign relations" go to see her alone. She is a trump card for Manager Butler, and he must not overwork her; neither must he allow her to be overshadowed by inferior talent. There is a time and place for all things. A good horse should not be worked to death—not calling Galetti a horse, though, notwithstanding she is a whole team. The colored gentleman who keeps the house cool was not in operation, the temperature being sufficiently agreeable without his assistance. Our colored friend says it's hard work to "raise the wind" as he has to do. We encouraged him by saying that Jeff. Davis has harder work to raise the wind than he, the N g, has. If our readers are clear of comprehension, they will perceive, with the aid of this addition, that this is intended for a joke. If they "can't see it," the fault is theirs, and not ours, and they had better join the "serious family." Many people perpetrate jokes without making any explanation. *We* don't; it's not giving the reader an equal chance with the author. However, an evening at Broadway Music Hall, seeing and hearing all that is done upon the stage, or in close communion with the waiter girls in front, can be passed very pleasantly, either way; and this, mind you, is no joke. Try it.

They *do* say that Mr and Mrs Leighton have sailed for California. They *do* say, also, that they went off surreptitiously—that Laura Keene had engaged them for *her* shanty—that they were knocking around on parole, and that in a moment of indecision, they decided to cut it. May be they'll get on a better pay roll at Maguire's, in San Francisco. Reader, this also, is a joke—not about their getting off, but about their getting on a better *pay roll*. See? Laura won't like it—not the joke, but the Leightons' going off although she may make light on't. Were Binney beside us, he would be kicked again.

Talking about the Leightons, puts us in mind of Eaton Stone's buffaloes. Did you ever hear the joke about Eaton Stone? If not, it's time you did, for it's awful old. Don't be alarmed, good reader, we're not going to tell it. But you *ought* to see his buffaloes—caught 'em himself, too; tamed 'em, and trained 'em, and now they are as kind and gentle in harness as any other horse. Well, Mr. Stone has hitched his buffaloes with Mr. Nixon's Circus horses, and the concern commences a series of equestrian and other performances this evening, at Palace Garden. During their recent performances in Brooklyn, they did an immense business, and it is probable that they will do almost as well in this city. Eaton Stone will also appear in his thrilling act of bare back riding, in which, in our opinion, he is unexcelled. The tariff isn't high; you can see the show at war prices; 25 cents for each go in.

Barnum still bewails his recent loss of whales, but is gradually becoming reconciled to his dirty cuss of a hippopotamus. What beauty *he* can see in the hippo, is beyond our ken, and *we* are sufficiently skilled to tell a "hawk from a hernshaw," or "herron," pshaw! we forget which. *He* calls it a hippopotamus, whilst to us it looks like a big hog, with the neuralgia in the head; but Barnum knows more about such things than we know, so we'll *call* it a hippopotamus; but it smells horribly; a hog, by any other name would smell as sweet. Well, he's got him—his mouth, the hog's, not Barnum's, is two feet in width when open, and is "large enough to take in a child two years old." Children of the required age will please take notice, and abstain from annoying or irritating the animal. In addition to the hippo, Barnum has further indulged his taste in the selection of a shark, another ravenous bird of prey. Two year olds will also bear this chap in mind. Combined with these monstrosities, is the "moral drama," which is given in the lecture room day and evening. Business is pretty good here. If you *want* to find the hippopotamus, follow the scent which strikes you at the entrance. If you want to find the moral drama, follow the girls, the scent from whom is more enjoyable, and will lead you to happier climes.

In anticipation of the good time coming, two green room meetings are called for this week, Mr Wallack and Miss Keene having both notified their companies to assemble in their respective rooms on the 4th inst., prior to the commencement of the regular season; one seems to have been waiting for the other, and a sort of compromise seems to have been effected. When the establishments over which Miss Keene and Mr. Wallack preside are to open, we are unable to state with any degree of certainty. Both parties are keeping shady, for fear a point may be lost or gained by a too early development of the programme. There will be stirring times among the Broadway theatres ere long. A fair field, no favor, and may the best man or woman win.

Joe Proctor may be looked for next week. He is supposed to be on board the Arabia, soon due at Boston.

We tried to get a chance at 444 Broadway last week, but the crowd was too much for us. They are doing a fine business at this house. Jenny Engel, we perceive, has left Broadway, and gone elsewhere. "Oh! why did you leave your own former home?" etcetera. Charley White continues to be an attraction at this house.

"What will he do with it?" What we "mysteresay" is, what will brother Stewart do with Niblo's Garden this season? Isn't it time that the place was opened? Several names have been mentioned in connection with it, but no definite arrangement seems to have been made with any one. Many offer, but few accept conditions. The high rent demanded "skeers" the "enterprising managers." Nixon would probably take it, if he could get hold of it "right." Anderson, the Wizard, is mentioned in connection with it. *He* may take it, to run off the other magician, Herrman, at the Academy soon to appear. It has been "renovated" completely, and is now equal to a new theatre. Who wants it?

One of the most beautiful concert saloons in the country is the Canterbury, in Broadway. It is fitted up in the most gorgeous style, with mirrors, etc, of the most costly description. Here, too, business is good, and the entertainments are well calculated to please. Charley Fox, the eccentric Ethiopian comedian, appears with the company this week, in addition to a number of other fresh performers. Hernandez's great pantomime is still running, and new tableaux have been added. The waiter girls are pretty and accommodating, and receive orders with affability and "languishing sighs." You know what *they* are, don't you? A languishing sigh came near catching us once, but we shook off the influence, and remained free and untrammelled. At this house, they hold the mirror up to nature.

Brignoli and a few more of the disciples of foreign airs are waiting for something to turn up. We dare say. Its all very well to lay off at fashionable watering places, and cut around among the women and horses, but the day of wrath must surely come. In the absence of all animation in operatic circles, why don't Brig apply to the Bryants for an engagement? Think it over, Brig; worse singers than you have been engaged by the minstrels.

Charles Pope sails to-day for California. Well, he might go farther, and fare worse. We don't think there will be a will take California, at any rate. They *threaten* New York, and Philadelphia, and Boston, but they will hardly seek to enter at the Golden Gate. Popey's all bunk.

Wallack's new theatre will open in about two weeks, the precise day not being named, as yet. Among the names said to be embraced in the company, are the following:—Mrs Hoey, Miss Henriques, (a trump card); Misses Mary Gannon Mary Miller, Viola Crocker; Mesdames Vernon, Sloan, and Sefton; Messrs Lester Wallack, W. R Blake, Charles Fisher, Norton, George Holland, J. Sefton, Reynolds, Floyd, Young and Parks. If correct, a very excellent and formidable company.

Mrs. Skerrett—a very pretty and pleasing actress, and well known to New Yorkers in the days when John Brougham's Lyceum was running—is mentioned as having been engaged to support Mrs. John Wood, at the Winter Garden. Mrs Blake, Miss Ada Clifton, Mr. L Baker, and Harry Pearson are also numbered among the favored ones.

The Florences sailed on the 28th ult. from this port, in the Persia, doubtless to fulfil engagements on the "other side." Among the friends who took leave of them, were the Williams', (Barney and his lady) who helped to form a group beautifully illustrative of a "Happy Family."

A certain street musician is in the habit of frequenting our thoroughfares and grinding on his organ, as well as singing with his voice, the Marseillese hymn. He is exceedingly dramatic in his emphasis and action, and cents and small silver pieces drop on him in plenty. We cannot tell whether he gives any piece other than the one mentioned. We should be inclined to say he does not, as we have been listening to him for the last twenty minutes, without detecting a break in his invitation (in French) to the patriotic of all ages and conditions, to "awake to glory."

Captain Smith, proprietor of the Green Street Concert Hall Albany, is in town. He intended to have opened for the season on the 2d, but has deferred it until next Monday.

The wife of H. W. Gossin was safely delivered of a son, a boy, early on the morning of the 2d inst. Mother and child are doing well.

Died—In this city, Aug 22, Willie H. Pell, aged 5 months, son of Mr. Harry Pell, of Burtis' Varieties, Brooklyn.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Burtis' Varieties, Brooklyn, after being redecorated, painted, and otherwise improved, was reopened on the 29th ult, and has since been crowded each evening. The place is now quite a pretty saloon, and the entertainments are very clever.

Fanny Forrest, Ellen Colene, A. J. Leavitt, Danny Gallagher, Mike McKenna, Ira Paine, Fult Myers, Harry Kincade and sons, E. Batchelor; Misses Maggie Bowers, Julia Price, and Annie Lee, compose the company performing at the New Grotto Concert Hall, in Philadelphia.

Gustavus Geary and daughter will give a concert at Hoboken this evening, Sept 2nd.

De Haven's Circus has not suspended, as has been stated, but has been perambulating Wisconsin of late. They were at Galena on the 19th ult.; Scales Mound, 20th; Shullsburg, 21st; and Darlington, 22d. From thence they were to proceed, *via* Mount Carrol, to Lyons, Iowa, and again invade Illinois at Rock Island.

Mr Ira Aldridge, colored tragedian and knight of a good many orders, is on the eve of proceeding to Russia, to give a series of Shakesperean performances. It is also understood that the gentleman will soon appear in different parts of Austria, Prussia, and Russian Poland. It is said, too, that offers have been made to him, by the Emperor Napoleon, to go to Paris.

At the invitation of the Mayor of Southampton, Eng., the Christy Minstrels gave a concert in that town, on the 14th ult., in the presence of the Arch Duke and Arch Duchess of Austria.

On the 13th ult, in the town of Sheffield, Eng., a marriage took place between Mr. John Butcher, a blind pianist, and Madame Marietta, a celebrated vocalist. A big crowd was present to witness the ceremony, and many were the expressions of a hope that the affair would not turn out a blind bargain in more senses than the one specified.

On the 12th ult, the female Blondin commenced the performance of crossing the Thames, in London, on a cable, but was obliged to desist when not half way over, in consequence of imperfect arrangements. The exhibition, so far as it proceeded, is spoken of as highly meritorious—the courageous young lady having maintained her balance and presence of mind, notwithstanding, at one part, the deflexion of the rope was full sixteen feet. Another attempt was to be made on the 19th.

The Manchester (Eng.) Theatre was re-opened on the 12th ult. with the opera of "La Somnambula," in which Adelina Patti, Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Caradori, and Signori Tiberini, Zelger, Tagliafico, Ronconi, Patrossi, and others with hard names, put in an appearance.

The "Colleen Bawn" was going through its final representations at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, where it had been performed during the past six weeks.

Jacobs, the ventriloquist, wizard, and vocalist, recently gave a series of entertainments at the Royal Pavilion in Brighton, Eng.

General Tom Thumb and suite start out on their 19th annual tour, from Bridgeport—the General's headquarters—on Monday, September 2d, exhibiting on that afternoon and evening in New Milford, Con; Great Barrington, Mass., 3d; Pittsfield, Mass., 4th; Greenbush, N. Y., 5th; Saratoga Springs 6th and 7th; Ballston Spa, 9th, on the way to Montreal, Canada. The General's party will consist of George A. Wells, manager; L. L. Pierce, treasurer; W. Tomlins, baritone and buffo; W. De Vere, tenor; C. G. Titcomb, pianist; and Alfred Cately, business agent.

Macfarland, with his theatrical troupe, (which he now calls a Concert Extraordinary) will be in the Town Hall, Rutland, Vermont, during the State Fair, September 10, 11 12, and 13.

Wyman, the Wizard, was performing in Association Hall, Albany, last week. A few days since he was about to start for Baltimore, to fulfill an engagement at the Museum, but owing to some misunderstanding between the proprietors and new lessee, he was telegraphed to remain, "as you were," and he did.

A number of "mutes" gave a pantomimic show a few days since, at Waverly Hall, Ballston Spa. They did not meet with success. They go west.

Appended will be found the latest theatrical news from Australia, received by the mails leaving there the latter part of June:—Since the lapse of the Brooke dynasty at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, matters there have been getting from bad to worse, and the prospect was that a collapse would soon occur. Nothing had redeemed the business from utter barreness except the farewell appearances of several performers, among whom we find Miss Avonia Jones, who had taken a benefit and made a long speech.....On the 17th of June the Lyster Opera Troupe re-opened for a short season, with Lucy Escott, Signora Bianchi, Ada King, and Georgina Hodson; Signor Bianchi, Signor Grossi, Mr. Squires, Mr F. Lyster, and Mr. Farquharson. Mr. Ruff was leader of the band..... The Princess' Theatre re-opened in May with the "old faces," and a burlesque.....Sir William and Lady Don were still performing in Sydney, N. S. W.—the former having suffered from illness for a short time.....The friends of Mr. R Young, for many years a favorite actor in the colony, and who had recently taken his departure from Sydney, for England, had subscribed towards a handsome testimonial, to be sent after the gentleman. This circumstance of doing honor to a man behind his back, is certainly very creditable both to him and his admirers.

Quite a number of travelling shows are still on the move in various sections of the country, some doing well, some otherwise. "Chips," a correspondent in La Crosse, Wis. sends us the following budget, under date of Aug

sought council, and took advice—which was, not to open in the afternoon, and to pay the $50 for night under protest. This was done, and a law suit will be the ultimate issue. The citizens of the town are hurt at the conduct of the members of the board, and Brick Pomeroy, the editor of the *Democrat*, keeps constantly pitching into them. The next election will teach them a lesson. There is one gentleman among the number, however, a Mr. Leach, who opposed the measure. He is an honest man, and is personally admired, not only for the course he pursued in this matter, but for his uniform, judicious, and liberal deportment. We believe he is a regular subscriber to the CLIPPER, which, by the way, has quite an active sale here now. [By the way, Frank, how is it the CLIPPER comes so late, sometimes not reaching us until a week after publication day? The editor of the *Democrat* gets his per mail on Fridays, but the masses have to wait. Stir the Express Company, or whomsoever is to blame, with ye sharp stick, will you?] .....I presume you have heard of the loss of the rhinoceros. 'Old Putnam' has gone overboard. The Key City flooded the barge upon which the animal and the ponderous cage were kept, and over went the whole of the property, valued at $15 000. Mr. Rice was offered $10 000 for him last spring, but refused, on the ground that he was worth more to him than to any one else. The packet company have been sued, and the probability is that Mr. Rice will get a verdict in his favor, but not sufficient damages, we opine, to cover his loss. Old Putnam has passed a chequered life since he was coerced into emigrating to this country. He arrived in company with an elephant and an Arab attendant, at the port of Boston, in the spring of 1853. They were owned by a speculator who imagined that he had a prize that would enrich him; but showmen didn't want elephants at any price, nor even a rhinoceros at the price of a pearl of his size. The elephant was taken to Philadelphia, where it died at the Rising Sun Tavern, and the Arab keeper went to the Blockley Almshouse. Seth B. Howes finally bought the rhinoceros, and incorporated him in a small menagerie that travelled through the Canadas in 1854. Seth soon got tired of him, and sent him to his farm in Putnam Co., where Dr. Sylvester pierced his nose, and kept him under strict surveillance. He was savage to an extreme, and on two occasions, got loose, causing terrific stampedes. Finally, the creature was sold to Dan Rice for a small sum by the leading managers, amongst whom was his amiable friend, Capt. Avery Smith, who enjoyed the sale as a *sell*, and regarded it as a big thing on Snyder.' The question was, what will Dan do with it? We presume by this time the question is solved to the satisfaction of all the brethren. Had the animal not fallen the victim to too much of the element *aqua*, Rice intended to take him to Havana, and challenge the bull fighters to combat him. Such a fight would have created an excitement unequalled on the 'ever faithful isle,' and have been the theme of speculation throughout the entire sporting world. But the chances decreed otherwise, and Rice must look out for another monster to train and render docile. Rumors have it that he wants the Hippopotamus. If it is true that Mr. J. Quick has money enough (we hope it's so) perhaps he will sell him to Daniel. [Our correspondent's letter infers that the rhinoceros was drowned, but other information from La Crosse states that his royal nibs was safe in his own keeping, and that a number of persons had started out in pursuit of him. See elsewhere.—ED. CLIP.].....The Sands Circus, with the Greek compound cognomen, is still in this State, showing against Dan Rice. At Portage City they were side by side with Rice, and agreed to give a military company one 20th of their receipts. Of course this caused some activity among the soldiers, but a failure was the result, their share amounting to but $42. Rice took about $425."

The "Colleen Bawn" was being played at several of the theatres in England, simultaneously, but at none had it run or promised to run to anything in comparison with the Adelphi or even the Manchester aggregate.

Blondin appeared at the Portobello Gardens, Dublin, on the occasion of their opening, on the 14th ult., and though the rain came down, and was a damper in more respects than one, the indefatigable acrobat made an ascension, and on the following day another, when the weather was fine; and for the hundreds of spectators of the wet day, thousands had assembled to welcome the return of sunshine and Blondin.

Vincent Novello, long celebrated as a musician and organist, died at Nice, in France, on the 9th ult. He was the father of Clara Novello, the *prima donna*, and eighty years of age at the period of his decease.

Mr. Howard Paul was "again" on the eve of "returning to the United States," and had advertised, in the English newspapers, for commissions from resident performers willing to try their fortunes in the New World.

A feat somewhat after the fashion of that attempted by the renowned Capt. Hawkesley, in "Still Waters Run Deep," was near coming off in the green room of the Hull, Eng., Theatre, recently. The names of the parties do not transpire; but the chastener was a lady, a member of the company, to whom one of the actors seems to have given some offense. Reparation for this was demanded, and being refused, the young Amazon drew a riding whip from her sleeve, and administered the requisite punishment on the delinquent, who is said to have accepted the "compliment" with the utmost coolness.

We regret to notice the death of Madame Catherine Hayes, which occurred near London, on the 11th ult., quite suddenly, and in consequence of the bursting of a blood vessel. The deceased lady was about forty years of age, and a native of the city of Limerick, Ireland. Exhibiting a talent for music while very young, she was placed under the tuition of Signor Sappi, and also studied the science in France and Italy, under other professors. The public career of Madame Hayes may be said to have extended over twenty years, and its principal events to have consisted in her visits to the United States, the Sandwich Islands, Australia, and India. In 1857 she was married to Mr Bushnell, her agent in the New World, where she will be long remembered. She had been widowed some time, and dies regretted and respected by a host of friends.

A gentleman, named Arthur Young, advertises in the London papers, to play a number of characters, from which it may be inferred that he is a person of versatile talent, and ready to turn himself to anything in his trade, without heeding the stumbling block, ambition. Mr. Young's list contains the following parts:—Othello, Iago, Brabantio, Cassio, Roderigo, Shylock, Bassanio, Antonio, Launcelot Gobbo, Richard the Third, Buckingham, King Henry, Macbeth, Macduff, Banquo, or either of the Three Witches, Hamlet, Polonius, the Ghost, First Gravedigger, or to double the two last mentioned Characters. In point of economy, we dare say that many a manager will regret that the construction of the plays to which the above characters belong, will not allow Mr. Young to "double" them all.

Mr. John Drew was "starring" at the Belfast (Ireland) Theatre, at the latest accounts.

It is reported that the cause which induces Mr. Proctor, the tragedian, to return to America at the present time, is the war, through which he has been involved in domestic and pecuniary difficulties. During his absence from us, Mr. Proctor has travelled over the Continent of Europe, and thrice through England, Ireland and Scotland, professionally.

The Melodeon Summer Garden, St. Louis, has opened for the fall and winter campaign, with J. W. Chapman as proprietor, and Frank Howard as stage manager. In the company are Miss Marion Webster, vocalist; Miss Kate Baker, E. Newman, Frank Howard, Master George, and M'lle Adelaide. Admittance, ten cents; "ladies free." Business is said to be picking up slightly in St. Louis, owing, probably, to confidence in General Fremont and his Union savers. The Bowery Concert Saloon opens this week, and the Gaities opened a few days since.

Rogers & Ashton's Troupe is the title of a recent organization of acrobats and gymnasts, who are represented as being very clever. In the troupe we recognise the names of W. H. Ashton, C. DeVere, Charles Rivers, Nat. Rogers and Joseph Neal. They have recently been giving entertainments in Albany.

Wheatley's Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, will be opened on Monday evening, Sept. 9th, which will make three theatres in operation in that city. Spectacular pieces will probably rule here, the first, we understand, being the "Tempest," with new scenery, under the direction of Mr. Randall, formerly of Laura Keene's. The competition will be brisk, and the longest purse will have something to do in the *emeute*."

The theatre, at the Town Hall, Petersborough, C. W., was opened for a few nights recently by a theatrical company, including W. S. Forrest, H. Howland, D. Boswell, E. Irving, Oliver, and the Misses Emma Cushman, Lizzie Irving, and Lotty Howland. J. C. Kelly, lessee and manager, Prof. Koehl, musical director. The pieces performed on the 24th ult., were the "Serious Family," and "Your Life's in Danger."

The Denin Sisters held forth at Elmira, N. Y., on the 27th ult., in "The Stranger," and "The Irish Tutor," assisted by Messrs. D. A. Hanchett, H. Clayton, J. G. Lester, J. F. O'Neil, E. B. Rice, Morris, and Sam Ryan.

Nathan's Circus and Mable's Menagerie showed at Cleveland, O., on the 23d and 24th ult. Stuart Robson, one of the *attaches*, so we are informed by a correspondent, stole a march on the boys, and got spliced without their knowing it, it seems, to a young lady said to possess the "spons." When discovered, he had to stand 'Sam' on the "green seal" question, to a lively tune. Geo. Cole, the Treasurer, it is said, was set upon by an Amazonian, on the 24th, after dark, who slapped his "phiz," and made off with his "ticker," valued at $60. If true, it was not polite, to say the least, for the pugilistic female to thus despoil and rob such a gentlemanly "cove" in such a manner. Cole says he can't account for the adventure. The "combination" was to be at Mansfield on the 30th ult., and at Lima and Sandusky on the 1st and 2d inst.

The Antonio Brothers showed in Delaware, Wis., on the 24th, and Robinson & Lake's Circus also displayed there on the 30th ult.

"Squibob," writing from Milwaukee, Wis., under date of Aug. 26, says:—Here I am once more in the "City of Bricks," after a delightful trip of five weeks through Minnesota. Here at Milwaukee, they are about to open the Academy with the following company: Miss Mary Mitchell, from the Boston and New-York theatres; Miss Maria Rainforth, from the Louisville theatres; Miss Bella Llewellen, from the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans; Miss Emma Giles, Mrs. W. H. Riley, Mrs. H. A. Perry. Mr. A. D. Bradley, from McVicker's Theatre, Chicago; Mr. Martin Golden, from the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans; Mr. Harry Hawk, from the Varieties, New Orleans; Mr. L. L. Sharpe, from the Varieties, New Orleans; Mr. W. Giles, Mr. Frank Roche, A. N. Sharpe, F. R. Pierce, C. J. Williamson, D. Scully, T. S. Holland, S. M. Irwin, B. R. Magilley, and W. H. Riley. The orchestra is composed of nine persons. Leader, Prof. Bach; Stage Manager, W. H. Riley; Acting Manager, B. R. Maginley; Scenic Artist, A. Dadd; Prompter, H. L. Sharpe. The Academy opening takes place on the 2nd of September, the same day of the commencement of the State Stock Fair.....Mrs. Mat Peel's minstrels have engaged Albany Hall for that week, and commence also on the 2nd.....A. S. Pennoyer, agent for the Richings', is in town, making arrangements for a grand operatic concert to come off at Albany Hall on the evening of Aug 30. Miss Caroline Richings will be aided by Mr Philip Rohr, basso; Mr. W. S. Twitchell, pianist, and by her father, Mr. Peter Richings. This concert, no doubt, will be well attended, for the Richings' are great favorites here as elsewhere. I hear they met with fine success on their tour up the Mississippi. They left St. Paul with the best wishes of all. They return in the spring, and it is stated that Mr. Richings will purchase property there, and in future pass the summer months on the shores of Lake Como, three miles from that city. The attractions of St. Paul were so great that one of their party came very near being left, being held by the smiles of a fair young damsel. They will give one concert at Racine on the 2d of September, then go to Niles, Kalamazoo, Ann Harbor, Detroit, and London, C. W., then home to Philadelphia, where they expect to arrive about the 15th of September.....Miss Bosw ick gives a concert at the Academy of Music on Tuesday, the 27th inst.....I leave this "gay and festive scene" to morrow, and expect to "fetch up" some where. When I arrive I'll let you know; so, until then, "O River."

A correspondent, signing himself "S. P. Q. R.," thus dilates on things theatrical in Colorado Territory, under date of August 16:—"FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—Sir: In looking over a late CLIPPER I noticed a letter from your Rocky Mountain correspondent "Q," who (whether intentionally or not) misrepresents matters and things in this locality. From reading his letter our Eastern brethern would presume that this market was overstocked with actors, and that amusements were duller than in your warlike region. I assure you such is not the case. The troupe of minstrels referred to—managed by Gus Shaw—after playing in Denver at the Criterion Concert Saloon for six weeks to a paying business (the price of admission, twenty five cents, is more than double the charge for the same entertainment in the States) [not in all cases.—ED.] have left for Central City, where they are doing well. In place of there being but "one theatre" in the Pikes Peak region, there are five; two in Georgia Gulch, two in Central City, and one nearly completed in Denver, which latter is in every sense, a theatre, having a stage thirty feet by fifty, with parquet and gallery capable of seating 1,400 people. As to its paying, there can be no doubt, save in the minds of those who are antagonistic.....Langrishe played here (Denver City) with a small company all last fall and winter, in fact until last June, when he left for Central City, and has been playing there ever since. As to his building a theatre in Denver, I think it doubtful, as the Platte Valley Theatre is got up in a style that will require a great outlay to compete with it. As to colonized actors "Q" is mistaken; I know of but one actor in the country who is not engaged in his profession, although some of them have found it lucrative to employ the summer months mining. Denver, it is true, is not as lively at present as during the fall and winter; but with the first Territorial Legislature in session, and the mountain population that winter here, we feel assured of a livelier time this fall and winter than we have experienced. Langrishe's company, playing at Central City, is composed of the following ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. Langrishe; Misses Maretta and Kendall; Messrs. Langrishe, Dougherty, Richmond, Carter, Johnson and Watson..... In the Pioneer Company, are Messrs. Hunter, Gooding, Norman, Partello, Wilmot, Whitall, and Jack; M'lle. Haydee; Mrs. McArthur, Mrs. Flora Caven. They are now playing in the Southern Mines under a canvas.....The two concert troupes (called here moral shows) are both engaged."

At Kerby Hall, Brantford, C. W., Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Stetson, with the Royal Adelphia Troupe, are doing up "big things" in the legitimate. The following is the company:—E. T. Stetson, G. L. Stout, W. P. Sheldon, E. C. Buel, F. L. Keller; P. G. Dunbar, lessee; J. K. Deary, musical director; Mrs. E. T. Stetson, Miss C. Leslie and Mrs. Dunbar. Mr. Keller is stage manager.

Bailey & Co's. Circus "drive stakes" at Newton, N. J., on the 31 inst.

Signoras Ines Natali and Francisca Natali de Festa, known as the Misses Heron, who now form a portion of the prime donne of Maretzek's opera troupe in Mexico, will leave for San Francisco, Cal., in about four weeks time. Sig. Enrico Festa, tenor, and several other members of the same troupe will accompany them.

Dan Rice's rhinoceros that was knocked overboard by a recent collision of steam boats on the river, near La Crosse, Wis., has turned up much to the disgust of a party whom the "animile" tossed into the air, breaking two of his ribs. Hunting parties have left La Crosse in search of the "rhino."

Sam Sharpley's Minstrels had two good houses in Providence, R. I., on the 26th and 27th ult., but otherwise they have not been very liberally patronised since they started out. On the 28th they opened in New Bedford, Mass., for a few nights, from whence they would return to Hartford for a short season, and at the close of which probably return to New York.

Miss Kate Reignolds seems to have made a favorable impression in Halifax, N. S., as a vocalist, where she recently made her *debut* in opera with Madame Anna Bishop. The local papers speak in high terms of her vocalism, and say she took the audience by storm. They had known her as a charming actress, but were not prepared for the power and sweetness of voice with which she delighted them. A year ago, we believe, Miss Reignolds refused an engagement with the English Opera Troupe now in California, through her love for her present profession. She is yet young, and, in spite of her dramatic success, it may be a matter of consideration whether it is right to neglect the cultivation of an organ of so much promise, as those who have heard Miss Reignold's singing in the course of her performance assert hers to be, especially as the lyric stage needs so much the support of that dramatic power very rarely found in vocalists.

In regard to a charge recently made that John Robinson and his son James hold commissions in the Polish Brigade of New Orleans, and which we have already corrected, Mr. Wm. Lake desires us to publish the annexed note:

NAPIERVILLE, ILL., Aug. 26, 1861.

Mr. FRANK QUEEN:—The notice concerning the Messrs Robinson is a great mistake. Some designing person has "very kindly" given you that piece of information. John Robinson (my partner) is a resident of Cincinnati, Ohio, and a more staunch democrat and a better Union man never breathed the breath of life. His son (an adopted one) is now with our company, and has been since early in May, i. e., James Robinson, the equestrian, who rode at Niblo's Garden last Winter. We are now after the Antonio Brothers' Circus Company, and intend giving them as nice a little turn as they gave us. Truly yours, WM. LAKE.

[The article from which we gained our information on the subject first appeared in the Lynchburg Virginian, the editor of which stated that he saw the parties named, in the Polish Brigade.—ED. CLIP].

One of the three whales recently added to the aquarium of the Aquarial Garden at Boston, died on the 24th ult., from injuries received when captured. The remaining two continue to "blubber."

Cremore Gardens, London, were taken possession of by Messrs. E. T. Smith & Co., on Tuesday, July 30th, 1861; Mr. T. Simpson, after ten years possession, gets £50 000 for the property, payable in four years. Mr. Henry Huggins (of one of the great brewery firms of London) gave a cheque for £10 000 on the above named day.

Eugene and Unsworth, who are engaged with Rumsey and Newcomb's Minstrels, are in Liverpool; and we are glad to find that their performances have more than verified all we have said of them. The following notice we copy from the *Liverpool Mail* of the 10th of August:—"Rumsey & Newcomb's Minstrels still continue to draw crowds to Clayton Hall—to night being their thirty sixth night; the great features of this week, added to an entirely new and original programme, have been the first appearance of Mr. James Unsworth, the unrivalled burlesque Ethiopian comedian and comic banjo soloist, and Master Eugene, the wonderful prima donna and *premier danseuse*. Mr. Unsworth, in his comic banjo song, treats us to one of the most peculiar features of the Southern plantation darkey, amusing himself with his favorite instrument; while, in his burlesque operatic sketches, his acting and vocalization tell immensely with the audience. Master Eugene, as a vocalist and dancer, astonishes every one, his make up in either character being perfect. The addition of these two popular artistes to this hitherto mammoth troupe, seems to convince their patrons that the Rumsey & Newcomb's intend to keep giving the people novelty upon novelty. The old favorites of the troupe, Little Bobby, Lewis, Duley, Newcomb and Rumsey, and, in fact, the entire company, still keep their hold upon the people, making them as a troupe, the most popular company that ever appeared in Liverpool. We understand it is their intention to give us something startling the coming week, and we advise all who have not seen them, not to fail to do so." The troupe will remain in Liverpool three or four weeks longer, and then, perhaps, try their fortune in London.

"Our American Cousin," with Joe Jefferson as Asa, was performed one week only at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco. It was withdrawn to give place to "Rip Van Winkle," so it is stated. In "Our American Cousin," H. A. Perry appeared as Lord Dundreary. In Rip Van Winkle his name does not appear. Probably Harry Perry got "on a bender," and his absence necessitated the withdrawal of "Our Cousin." The theatre advertises that Jefferson is supported by Mr. Perry. Now who supports Perry?

The following is a copy of the opening bill of Mrs. John Drew's Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia:—

MRS JOHN DREW'S ARCH STREET THEATRE
Acting and Stage Manager .....W. S. Fredericks.
Business Agent and Treasurer.....Jos. D. Murphy.
OPENING NIGHT OF THE SEASON.
THIS EVENING, AUGUST 31, 1861,
Will be presented the sterling comedy entitled
THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL,
With new scenery, by Mr. Hays, and this most excellent cast:
Lady Teazle.....Mrs. John Drew.
Mrs. Candour.....Mrs. Chas. Henri.
Lady Sneerwell.....Miss Mary Wells.
Maria.....Miss Emma Taylor.
Sir Peter Teazle.....Mr. John Gilbert.
Joseph Surface.....Mr. W. H. Leak.
Charles Surface.....J. K. Mortimer.
Sir Oliver Surface.....Mr. Wallis.
Sir Benjamin Backbite.....Mr. F. R. Ringold.
Mr. Crabtree.....Mr. Wm. Scallan.
To conclude with
AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID.
Horatio.....Mr. Wm. Scallan.
Matilda Jones.....Mrs. Charles Henri.
Doors open at 7¼. Curtain rises at ¼ to 8.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle	37½ cents.
Parquette	50 "
Family Circle	25 "
Amphitheatre	15 "

Private Boxes, According to their locale, $5 and $3; Single Seats in Orchestra and Private Boxes 75 cents.
No extra charge for reserved seats.
[The theatre was crowded on the opening night.—ED.]

Miss Helen Western will continue her performances at the Holliday street theatre, Baltimore, this week. She is said to have done very well since she opened there. Her beauty, elegant costumes, dashing style, and peculiar *role* of characters, have attracted quite a number of patrons of the drama to the Holliday.

Mrs. J. R. Vincent, for nine years a favorite at the Boston Museum, has been engaged by manager Davenport, of the Howard Athenæum, Boston, which opens for the season on Thursday, Sept. 12. Mrs. Vincent is at present fulfilling an engagement at Halifax, N. S. She is to receive a benefit there this week, and will then return to Boston.

The following is the opening bill of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia:—

Sole Lessee.....Mrs. M. A. Garrettson
Stage Manager.....Benjamin Young
Business Agent.....John T. Donnelly

Opening night of the Season,
MONDAY EVENING, September 2d, 1861.
MR. C. W. COULDOCK,
the talented and popular versatile Artist has been engaged
FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY.
The performance will commence with the beautiful domestic story of the
WILLOW COPSE,
Dramatized by Dion Boucicault, Esq.
Luke Fielding [first time for four years in this city] Mr. C. W. Couldock
Sir Richard.....Mr. J. L. Barrett
Dick Hulks, his first appearance in this theatre, Mr. J. McCullough
Col. Vanguard.....Mr. George J. Iston
Augustus.....Mr. G. Vining Bowers
Rubblemere.....Mr. J. Porter
Staggers.....Mr. J. Reed
Arthur.....Mr. H. Bascomb
Fungus.....Mr. J. Raymond
Lynx.....Mr. T. Van Horn
Lady Ashley.....Miss E. Wood
Lucy Vanguard, first appearance in this city, Miss Hernarde
Meg.....Miss C. Jefferson
Georgina.....Miss Perry
Miss Ashley.....Miss West
Fan.....M. Hunt
Rose Fielding, her first appearance in this character, Miss Alice Grey
Overture by Orchestra.....Leader, Dr. Cunnington
To conclude with the sparkling and petite comedy of
THE FOLLIES OF A NIGHT.
Duke de Chartres.....Mr. Edwin Adams
Count de Brizzac.....Mr. J. L. Barrett
Mr. Dungendraft.....Mr. E. N. Tanyer
Pierre Palliott.....Mr. G. Vining Bowers
Servant.....Mr. J. Porter
Officer.....Mr. T. Van Horn
Duchess.....Mrs. Anna Cowell
M'lle Duval.....Miss Hernarde

TUESDAY Evening, Mr. C. W. Couldock in his celebrated character of "Peter Probity," in the Chimney Corner.

Dress Circle, seats secured without extra charge, 50 cents; Parquet, seats secured at 50 cents. 37½ cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Private Boxes, according to their location $5 and $3; Single Seats in Orchestra and Private Boxes, 75 cents; Upper Boxes, 25 cents.

Box Office open from 10 A. M. until 3 P. M, when seats can be secured without extra charge.

Doors open at quarter past 7 o'clock; performance to commence at quarter before 8.

An old woman, once a celebrated dancer, has addressed the following curious letter to the Pope:—"At the advanced age of 78 I humble myself in the dust, and bitterly deplore having occasioned many scandals by dancing in theatres during a period of 25 years, and having heaped up enjoyment and riches by the practice of that diabolical art. At this time, when the Roman Government is enduring such great anguish, I venture, unworthy sinner as I am, to come feebly to its aid with the trifling sum of 500 Austrian livres, which I offer as a contribution to S. Peter's penny, imploring at the same time his blessing and prayers for myself, my deceased father, my daughter Charlotte and her son Eusiagio, and Elizabeth his wife, and all the children they may have, and finally for all my children and posterity, to the end that the good may triumph and the wicked perish. His Holiness's humiliated servant and sinner, GIUSEPPA TALANDRA,
Ex-first Dancer of Ancient Cisalpine Republic (*sic*).

The old lady does not seem to have discovered that dancing is a "diabolical art" until her beauty had faded, her limbs had lost their symmetry, and she had attained a little more than the allotted "three score years and ten."

Charles Mathews has written to parties in this country, contradicting the silly rumor of domestic difficulties between him and his lady. It is a pity that journalists cannot find better subjects than this idle private gossip, in ninety nine out of a hundred cases entirely without foundation.

There is a flying rumor to the effect that John Brougham is about to commence an engagement at the Princess' Theatre, London, and to bring out there his "Pocahontas" and "Playing with Fire," with George Jordan in the latter. After our handsome friend's near approach to playing with real fire, as a member of the "Cock-tail Guard," we should be inclined to suppose this change to the artificial and harmless element more agreeable than otherwise to him.

It is reported that George Loder, well known hereabouts, is now organizing a company to travel in Australia, and give performances in the style of those of the Draytons. If friend George really puts this project into execution there is a probability of our again seeing him here, on his return to England.

A Mr. Douglas C. Jerrold (son of the celebrated dramatist) is announced to make his first appearance this (Monday) evening, at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo. It was always our impression that the "Caudle Lecture" man had only two sons—Blanchard and Thomas, respectively the editor of a newspaper, and a compositor; but we may have been mistaken.

The Panorama of the Upper Mississippi and the city of Charleston, Fort Sumter, etc., was exhibited at Utica, N. Y., on the 31st ult.

The "Red Man of Agar," contortionist, turns up at Leavenworth, Kansas. He is performing at the American Concert Hall.

The following items we glean from our Cincinnati correspondent, "Veritas," whose epistle bears date August 29:—"Since my last, things theatrical and otherwise 'professional' have remained about *in statu quo*, a benefit at Smith and Nixon's, and one at Pike's Opera House, being the exceptions. That complimentary to Capt. Menter's Cornet Band, at the latter place, on Friday evening, 23d ult., was, as I anticipated, a bumper, the capacious house being filled—which, by the bye, is something to make note of just now. This was gratifying to the host of friends of this popular band, and a very just testimonial of appreciation for the uniform generosity Capt. Menter and party have always manifested on every proper occasion in volunteering for the benefit of deserving artistes and objects..... A concert and Female Zouave entertainment, at Turner's Hall, on Sunday night, attracted a full house, our German citizens always turning out handsomely on such occasions.....Union Garden was also opened to a fair audience, who seemed well satisfied at the variety of songs, dances, and burlesques put upon the stage.....Palace Garden, managed by Joe Fish & Co., still holds its own, and is in fact the only place of amusement permanently open in the city. In addition to the company formerly enumerated, they have this week Miss Lizzie Donaldson, on the slack wire; the Yale Sisters, Lizzie and Julia, in songs and dances; and Will Cobb, with his trained dog 'Nap.' Hall Robinson, now in excellent health, is still a favorite.....Herr Cushman is in the city securing performers for Apollo Hall, in Columbus, the former management having seceded. He has secured the services of a company of Female Zouaves, under the captaincy of Miss Malling. The former company, from Apollo, were to have started on the 26th on a trip to Newark, Zanesville, Lancaster, and Centreville, arriving at the last named place in time for the races to take place next month. On their return to Columbus they propose to occupy the old Theatre, which in the meantime is to be refitted and newly decorated.....Bish Hall's, 201 Vine street, is the present centre of attraction and rendezvous for professionals. Bish is always well posted as to matters and persons theatrical, musical and otherwise, and takes pleasure in posting those in the 'biz,' who may be strangers in the city, in whatever appertains to their line. A file of the CLIPPER can always be found at Bish Hall's.....'*Veritas*' was not in error, unintentionally or otherwise, in contradicting the marriage notice of S. S. Purdy, late of *the Camphells*. He spoke by the book, the averments of all others to the contrary notwithstanding; and rest assured, Mr. CLIPPER, that you can *always* 'bet your bottom dollar' on *any* statements which have been or may hereafter be made to you by VERITAS."

McDonough's summer season at the Olympic, Philadelphia, will close this week.

John Denier is making rope ascensions across the river Schuylkill, at Philadelphia.

The concert saloons of Philadelphia are getting ready for the fall season. A number of them have already opened.

Frank Rivers brought his entertainments at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, to a close, on the 31st ult. Although not as successful in a pecuniary sense as we could have desired, he has nevertheless opened the way for future operations in that city, where he will do an immense business. The impression he created there is very favorable. The Alleghanians performed with him during the past week, and are said to have been permanently engaged by him. This week the Melodeon Troupe will appear in Providence on the 2d, 3d, and 4th; Worcester, 5th, 6th and 7th.

Laura Honey, who was playing in the "Colleen Bawn" at the Montreal Theatre, is very favorably noticed by the local journals. Her last appearance was announced for the 31st ult.

Harry Courtaine does not improve. He was recently taken to the station house in San Francisco, having been found in the streets, incapable of taking care of himself.

A benefit in aid of the funds of the St. George Society took place at Nordheimer's Music Hall, Montreal, on the 30th ult. The Misses Nelson appeared.

Alexander Robinson & Co's Great Show appear in Montreal, on the 3d, 4th, and 5th inst.

Mr. Joseph Proctor will probably open at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 16th inst.

Business at the theatre in Buffalo for the past week was not so good as heretofore. Miss Proctor (the star) was taken very ill on Thursday night during the performance, and has not been able to appear since. Sam Glenn took his farewell benefit there on the 31st.

Blake & Lascelle's Varieties, in Toledo, Ohio, is now in operation for the fall season. Performers are wanted; see advertisement.

Fanny Denham took a benefit at Union Hall, Dunkirk, N. Y., on the 29th ult.

The summer season at the Pittsburgh theatre closed on the 31st ult., and terminated also the engagement of Adah Isaacs Menken. The fall and winter campaign will commence on the 7th, with the following company:—Messrs. Collin Stewart, J. S. Maffit, C. A. McManus, H. Lewis, O. Foster, F. F. Mackay, D. Wilson, W. Ward, Johnston, Carlin, Henderson, Peters; Mrs. McManus; Misses Gillett, Kate Newton, Molly Newton, Hardy, Darlin Thomas; Mrs. Henderson; M'lle Marie Olive. The theatre will be renovated during the present week.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's minstrels are flourishing at their new opera house in Boston. It is owned on every hand, that the proprietors are a feast in themselves, while their associates, Howard, Sands, Bowers, Reeves, Prescott, and others, materially help towards the popularity of the establishment.

The performances at the Boston Museum, during the past week, have enlisted the elaborate mention of the local papers, which announce a new local comedy for production this evening. It is called "Uncle Richard; or Jones' Labor Saved"—rather a long heading, it must be allowed. Mr. Keach has also in hand a sensation piece from Paris.

The Rhinoceros belonging to Dan Rice, which was lost in the river while *en route* to La Crosse from Prairie du Chien, was still in the slough five miles below the former place. He had been out of the water four times since then, confining his depredations to the cornfields adjacent to the slough. Several sportsmen fixed a platform in the branches of the trees under which the animal passes coming in and going out of the water, from which they suspended ropes so that when it came out to feed, they could get a slipping noose over its head. Three large ropes were attached to the limbs of the trees, and five men were stationed on the platform to manage them. After waiting three hours, the monster waddled out of the slough, snuffed the air, shook the water from his eyes, and with heavy tread climbed up the bank toward the cornfield. As he passed under where the men were stationed, they succeeded in getting one of the nooses over his head, but could not tighten it till the rope was around his body. When, with a sudden cry of surprise, followed by a sort of bellow, he wheeled and made for the water. The single rope was useless, as it broke the large limb of the tree to which it was attached, causing the men to come tumbling to the ground, while the monster rushed for the water, with sixty odd feet of inch rope fast to its body. Dan Rice had sent an agent to superintend its capture, who will give two thousand dollars to the party who will capture it alive. Long poles have been firmly planted in the bed of the slough, so that the animal cannot escape by any possibility. When the cage sank, it pulled loose, as its nose is badly lacerated from the giving way of the muscle in which the ring was fixed. The farmers in that vicinity are in great fear, and insist that a cannon shall be sent them with which to forever stop the roaming of this Behemoth of the antediluvian age, but the agent of Dan Rice will not yet consent, as the animal is worth alive, $20 000. Thousands of people visit the place daily, in hopes to aid in the capture of such game, which is a trifle larger than that country usually affords.

THE TURF.

A TROT AT ADRIAN, MICH.—A trial of speed between two livery stable nags, took place over the Prairie Cottage Course, at Adrian, Mich., on the 23d ult., for a purse of $50), with an inside purse of $50 added. The annexed summary reveals how the affair eventuated:—

PRAIRIE COTTAGE COURSE, Adrian, Mich., Friday, Aug. 23. Mile heats, best three in five, to harness. Purse $500; inside purse $50.
A. J. Dean names b. g. Yankee.....1 2 1 1
J. A. Marshall names b. m. Rosa Lee.....2 1 2 2
Time—2:45; 2:44; 2:43; 2:46.

A LITTLE "GO" AT FRANKLIN COURSE.—A trot for a purse of $100 came off at the Franklin Course, North Chelsea, Mass., on the 23d ult., between the horses Gun Cotton and Tom Sayers. We subjoin the summary:—

FRANKLIN TROTTING PARK, Friday, August 23. Match for $100, mile heats, best 3 in 5.
J. Borden named g. g. Gun Cotton to 100 lbs. wagon..2 1 1 1
Dan Mace named g. g. Tom Sayers to harness.....1 2 2 2
Time—2:53, 2:54, 2:53¾; 2:49.

TROTTING AT NASHUA, N. H.—There was a smart trot at Nashua on the 22d ult., between Lady Fillmore, of New York, and Monarch, of Nashua, which resulted in favor of the latter. The Lady, however, won the first heat in 2:49. Monarch's time was 2:45, 2:44; and 2:43. The Lady received much praise for her easy, beautiful gait, but evidently could not push the horse to his best time. Monarch is a new candidate for honors on the turf, and promises well. There was another trot at Nashua, on the 23d ult., in which St. Lawrence Maid and Somerville contended. The latter won in three straight heats, coming home jogging over the score each heat. Time—2:44; 2:40¾; 2:42.

TROTTING AT THE FRANKLIN PARK, NORTH CHELSEA, MASS.—A closely contested race between Brown Dick and Meddlesome—a match for $200, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness—took place at the Franklin Trotting Park on the 28th ult. There was a good attendance, and much interest was felt in the result. Brown Dick seemed to be the favorite at the start, and won the first heat, but the three succeeding ones [and the race] were won by Meddlesome. Time—2:44; 2:44; 2:47¼; 2:46.

GATHERING OF BLACK HAWK HORSES.—The second annual "family meeting" of the Black Hawk race of horses is to be held at Elm Vale Park, in North Andover, Mass., on the 3d and 4th inst.

SCOTTISH SPORTS AT HALIFAX, N. S.—A gathering of the clans took place there on the 21st ult., under very favorable auspices, on the grounds of P. Ross, Esq. In addition to the usual athletic sports indulged in at these meetings of the sons of Auld Scotia, the pleasures of the day were much enhanced by the music of the band of H. M. 62d regiment, to which the light fantastic toe was tripped gaily and oft. The amusements of the day were well kept up until sundown, when the party dispersed to their homes, highly elated by the pastimes they had participated in. The successful competitors at the various games are given in the following condensed summary:—

1. Putting the Heavy Stone—22lbs. 1st prize, G. Sutherland; 2d do., G. Buist.
2. Putting the Light Stone—16 lbs. The victors in this game the same as in the first.
3. Wearers of Highland Costume. Prize awarded to James Mackintosh. (In this competition there was but one prize, but the judges made honorable mention of Messrs. MacDougall, Sutherland, Johnston, and Brander, who were very tastefully attired.)
4. Prize for Boys in Highland Costume. Awarded to Master H. Esson.
5. Throwing the Heavy Hammer—16 lb. 1st prize, J. Tanish; 2d do., G. Buist. Distance thrown—Tanish, 54 ft. 10 in.; Buist, 54 ft. 6 in.
6. Throwing the Light Hammer. Winners—G. Buist and G. Sutherland. Distance thrown—Buist, 66ft. 3 in.; Sutherland, 64ft. 4in.
7. Tossing the Caber. Cleverly won by G. Sutherland.
8. Pipe Music. The competitors for the prizes were, Messrs. Patterson, McDonald, McQuarrie, J. McKenzie, and D. McKenzie. The 1st prize of $12 was awarded to A. McDonald, of Antigonish; the 2d prize, $10, to Donald McKenzie, of Pictou; the 3d prize, a ring made of Tangier gold, to A. McQuarrie, of the Albion Mines. Extra prizes of $4 each to J. McKenzie and J. Patterson.
9. Highland Fling. 1st prize, W. H. Anderson; 2d prize, John Smith. Special mention was made by the judges of the admirable manner in which Alex. McDonald, the piper, danced Lord McDonald's Reel, which he volunteered, but for which there was no prize.
Sword Dance. 1st prize, J. Smith, R. A.; 2d prize, Arch. Miller.
In the Foot Race for adults there were eight competitors. 1st prize, Sergt. Ross, R. A.; 2d prize, W. H. Harrington.
Youths' Race. 1st prize, G. H. Skinner; 2d prize, John H. Johnston.
Running Jump. This was well contested by W. H. Harrington and Sergt. Ross. The prize was awarded to the former.
In the Sack Race, there were ten competitors. It was highly amusing. 1st prize, Sergt. Ross; 2d prize, J. H. Johnston.

A LIFTING CHALLENGE.—Leonard Whetlong, of Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y., puts forward the following challenge:—

"I will make a match with any man in the United States, whose weight and height does not exceed my own [one hundred and forty five lbs., and five feet 2 inches], to lift or hold at arm's length, weights with me, for $100 a side. Any person accepting the above can be accommodated with a match."

A CURIOSITY.—For some time past, the original commision of Paul Jones as a Captain in the American Navy, has been on exhibition at a store in Nassau street. It bears date, Philadelphia, Oct. 10, '76, and is signed by John

THE OLD BAY MARE, OR, THE BRIDE'S DOWERY.

The scene of the following "o'er true tale," was in that noted structure of New York, yclept the Tombs, and shows the disastrous consequences resulting from not having the dowery properly secured, before taking a life partner for better or for worse. So boys, read it, and take warning:—

Magistrate—John Terry come forward—you are charged with stealing a horse.

Terry—The deuce a hair ov him I stole your honor.

Magistrate—And not only with stealing the horse, but with beating its owner.

Terry—Faix thin your honor, I didn't do neither, for sure I wouldn't be such an omadhaun as to bait meself.

Magistrate—Mr. Grant, how was it?

O thin bad enough, your honor, for sure he not only stole me *baste*, but whin I wint to ax him for it civilly, him and his wife—that's me own daughter aself, begun on me, an almost *mullavogued* me out ov me seven senses.

Terry—Ax for it civilly, you say, Pether? Och thin *musha* but sure its that same that was the civility that got cowld—"Jack Terry, you villain," sez you, afther you had broke in me door wid a sledge hammer, "give me up the mare, or be the mortial I'll murther you, an Norah, before you're a minnit owldher." If that's what ye call axin for a thing civilly, Pether, I'd like to know what they mane be bad manners in the part ov the counthry that you kem from.

Magistrate—Explain the circumstances, Mr. Grant.

Grant—I will, yer honor, though 'pon me conscience I'm half ashamed, afther bein med such a fool ov. You see I was down in Whitehall sthreet wid me horse an cart, whin Terry comes up to me an sez he "Pether," sez he, "let uz forget an forgive that little quarrel ov ours, an shake hands."

"I never bear malice, Jack *avic*," sez I, "so give us your fist."

Well, wid that we shook hands, an begun to chat about wan thing or another, whin sez Jack, sez he:

"Pether," sez he, "it's gettin cowld, so let us go an have a glass or two while we're *shannackin*."

"I don't care if I do," sez I, "for a quarrel is never properly made up, unless whin people have a glass or so, on the strength ov it."

"That's nothin but the truth for you," sez he. And so your honor, wid that we wint down to Cary's, an had a couple of tumblers ov whiskey punch in the back room, and Jack appeared to be mighty frindly intirely, an insisted on payin for the liquor. An thin sez he, 'Pether,' sez he, 'there's an owld frind of ours lives nixt door, that I'll just run in for to join uz in another tumbler.' An so yer honor, out he wint on the word, an I waited—an waited, for him to come back—but the divil a back he kem, an so wid that I wint out to see what was keepin him, an the worst ov it was, your honor, that I saw but too plainly, for there was me cart, lyin be itself at the door, an the mare gone, an sure I know very well, be raisin ov an owld story, that it was Jack Terry, the villain, that had run away wid her."

Terry—You only suspected it, Pether, bekase you knew that I had the best right to it.

Grant—Whish'd until I have towld his honor the whole story. Well, yer honor, seein that the mare was gone, I had nothin for it but to rowl the cart home all the ways to the middle ov Monroe street be meself; and thin I wint off to Jack's for me mare; but the sorra a taste ov thim 'ud let me in at the door, so that I was fairly forced to break it open in me own defince. "Now, Jack," sez I, "give me up me mare."

"'I will, Pether, sez he, "'an Nora here 'll help me to give her to ye,' an thin ov course the pair ov thim begun on me, the one wid his fists and the other wid a wet towel, an the mare they gev me was the broth ov a good baitin."

Magistrate—Well, now, Terry, we'll hear your version of the story.

Terry—In welkim, your honor, and whin you've hard it you'll not only give me credit for takin the mare, but also say that Pether richly desarved the whippin. To begin, your honor, you must know that Pether had a daughter at home that kept the house in hot wather morn, noon and night; and so meself bein a frind ov his, an widal, a middlin dacint sort ov a boy, an purty well to do in the world, Pether says to me wan day, "Jack," sez he, "you ought to marry Norah."

"Is it your daughter you mane, Pether?" sez I.

"It is," sez he.

"I would," sez I, "only I'm afeared she'd be the death ov me wid that tongue of hers."

"The devil a fear ov it," sez he, "for it's only a man ov her own she wants to make her as paiceable as an angel."

"An has she any forthin?" sez I.

"She hasn't," sez he, "but as it's yourself that's in it, Jack," sez he, "I'll give you the mare, that's worth every cent ov a hundred dollars, the moment you marry her."

"Agreed!" sez I.

"An agreed!" sez he.

An so yer honor, we had a glass on the bargain—shook hands, an parted.

Well, the nixt day I begun a courtin ov Norah; but sure enough, as I expected she was the very divil; for wan time she'd be as kind as a lamb, an another she'd bite a piece of me lip off whin I'd attimpt to kiss her; and in troth yer honor, things wint so hard wid me that I believe I'd have thrown her up altogether, only for the thought ov the bay mare. Wid all her bad temper, however, whiniver I'd ax her out to have a walk and a thrait, she'd never refuse me, an av coorse, yer honor, it was at these times I used to put it up to her in airnest, but it was all ov no use until wan night at the Vauxhall Gardens, whin afther a grait dail ov pressin, sez she "well, Jack," sez she,' to keep you from taizin me, an makin such a fool ov yourself any longer, I'l take you for betther or for worse."

"An whin will we be married?" sez I.

"To-night if you like," sez she.

"Beautiful," sez I, "for there's nothing like strikin the iron while it's hot." An faix, your honor, I thought as I said, for I was afeard if I left it till next mornin, she might change her mind, as she had done two or three times before. Well, to make a long story short, we wint to a magistrate (a frind of mine), and got married out of hand, an stopped at me own place that night; an the nixt mornin we went into me father-in-law's (that's me neighbor on me left your honor) to ax him for his blessin an the bay mare.

"Why ist married yees are?" sez he.

"It is in coorse," sez I, "and wedded and bedded asselt," sez I.

"An who married yees?" sez he.

"The aldherman ov the twelfth ward, who else?" sez I.

"O you haythin!" sez he, 'sure no one has power to marry barrin' the priest, an you've ruinated me daughter for ever an ever." An then, your honor, conshumin to me, if he didn't call his wife an a parcel of thim to dhrive uz out ov the house; an that's the way he ped me his daughter's forthin.

The parties had a great deal more to say for themselves, but no further light was thrown on the subject, only that the mare that Terry took from under the cart, was the real Simon Pure, that had been promised him as Norah's dowery. The magistrate, however, decided that he should restore it to his father-in-law, and then sue him in a civil court, for a breach of contract. And then Terry exclaimed, "well, yer honor, sooner nor be hung for keepin the mare, I'll give her up, but that I maytn't sin, but I'll make thim take the wife in along wid her, an wish thim joy of their bargain."

And so the affair ended, and the prisoner was permitted to make himself scarce, on the promise of refunding the bay mare.

An exchange says "the Board of Education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high!"

A TAVERN KEEPER CIRCUMVENTED.

A short time since, the door of a country inn was darkened by a well dressed man of modest and unassuming mien, who requested food for his horse, and the extra services of the hostler, inasmuch as his beast had been hardly driven. The stranger had much the appearance of an intelligent farmer of moderate means, and who, though liberal, perhaps, was never profuse. After attending to the welfare of his horse, he entered the bar-room.

"You may give me," said he to the landlord, "something to eat, but merely a cold bite. My business is very urgent, therefore anything will answer my turn for the present."

Scarcely a moment had elapsed after his order was issued, ere the jingling of a small bell summoned him to the dining-room, which in ordinary places would have been termed nothing more than a bed-room. The fare placed before him, although a cold bite as he had ordered, in the strictest sense of the term, was yet meagre in the extreme. The remains of a cold dish of boiled pork and potatoes, and a glass of water, were all that had been appropriated to his use.

Swallowing a few hasty morsels, he again presented himself at the bar and demanded his bill.

"Half a dollar for your dinner" said Boniface.

"Half a dollar! I seldom dispute a tavern bill, sir, but for such a one as I have had, the charge is an imposition."

"A meal is a meal," answered the landlord, "and that is our regular price."

"It is a small sum to quarrel about," observed the traveller, "but I prefer to be pilfered in a manly manner."

"A meal is a meal, sir," again returned the landlord in a surly manner; "we always charge that, whether a man eat more or less, good or bad."

Perceiving altercation to be useless, the stranger paid his bill, called for his horse and rode away, with the muttered exclamation that he would sometime have an adequate revenge.

His destination was about fifteen miles distant. After transacting his business, he was about starting, the following day, upon his return. He had mentioned to a friend the circumstance we have recorded, and that person answered that the tavern was notorious for its extravagant charges, but that he could find him who would put the landlord's maxim, "a meal is a meal," to a thorough test. Accordingly, before setting out, our traveller was introduced to his companion, who had abstained in order to do justice to the entertainment of his employer. He was to be paid the expenses of his dinner and journey. The new adventurer was a burly, good-humored fellow, something of a wag and extremely shrewd. He was withal a most incorrigible glutton. Eating and telling large stories were his chief enjoyments. He was fortunately an entire stranger to the innkeeper.

"Landlord," said the traveller, "I owe this man, Mr. Jones, a dinner which I lost by a very foolish bet. Furnish him one, and I will pay for it."

"What'll you have?" asked the landlord of Jones.

"A roast turkey, sir."

The landlord stared, but issued his orders to the occupants of the kitchen. They required some little time to comply with the orders. The landlord and Jones soon made themselves "old acquaintances."

"Rather a red face that of yours, landlord," said Jones. "I haven't seen anything that looked like spring before; fine blossoms, sir."

"You are rather a crooked character, Mr. Jones."

"Rather, sir; but not quite so crooked as a tree I once knew. It was the tallest butternut I ever saw. Standing close to it one day in a thunder storm, I saw a squirrel on one of the topmost branches. The lightning struck the same branch, about three feet above him; the squirrel started. The lightning had to follow the grain, of course, and the squirrel went straight down. So confounded crooked was that tree, sir, that the squirrel, by my watch, got to the bottom precisely three minutes before the lightning."

"That's a lie," exclaimed the landlord.

"A lie! true, sir, as ever any story was. I afterwards saw that tree cut down and made into rails for hog pasture. The hogs would crawl through twenty times in a day, and so thunderin' crooked were them are rails, that every time the hogs got out they found themselves back in the pasture again!"

Before Jones had time to relate another story the bell rang for dinner. The turkey was there, flanked on one side by a huge dish of potatoes, and on the other by condiments of various kinds.

"I will thank you, Miss," said Jones to the damsel in waiting, "to cook me a few slices of beef; I am afraid I shall not make out a dinner on this."

The girl withdrew in amazement, while Jones made a most vigorous assault upon the fowl, which rapidly disappeared before his advances. Wings, legs, and body were soon transformed into a skeleton, and heaped into a large pile beside his plate. The vegetables, too, had sensibly diminished, and he had just laid his hands upon an apple pie of uncommon dimensions, when the girl made her appearance with the beef.

"Thank ye," said Jones, "have the goodness now to cook me some pork steaks, rather rare, and bring me a plate of pickles. I have a strong appetite."

The girl disappeared, and Jones fell to again, but with less alacrity than before. He managed, however, to devour the beef just as the girl came in with the pork, the pickles having, in the meantime, been eaten.

"Now, Miss, I'll trouble you for some fresh fish. Have you got any?"

While the girl had gone to inquire for this, the landlord who had been apprised of the sad havoc which had been made among his viands, entered the room. At this juncture of affairs, the girl came back with the intelligence that they had nothing but pickled salmon.

"Give me half a dozen pounds of that, then."

Jones had already stuffed himself to repletion, and to have saved his life could have scarcely swallowed another morsel. The landlord having heard the last order, thought best to fill up as cheaply as possible.

"Won't you have some cider, Mr. Jones?"

"No sir, no, I thank you. I always make it a rule in eating, never to drink anything till I get just about half through!"

"Good God, sir! You'll eat us out of house and home. Quit now, and you are welcome to what you have eaten."

"Well, a meal is a meal; but I presume we can obtain more at the next tavern. Tell 'em they need not cook the salmon. I'll take you at your offer."

It is almost needless to add that the landlord soon came to a knowledge of all the circumstances connected with the case, and that ever afterwards he was particularly careful in selecting objects upon whom to exercise his shaving propensities.

Mad Dogs.—All who are in charge of a dog may, by a little attention, discover the early symptoms of rabies, and prevent any mischief by sequestrating the animal in time. Is he fidgety and sullen? Does he, when ill, manifest importunate affection? Is he affected with hallucination? Does he exhibit ardent thirst? Does he scratch his ear violently? Does he paw at the corners of the mouth, and not keep the mouth permanently open while doing so? Does he misconduct himself in the room, and pertinaciously lick at the corners where he has done so? Does he refuse his natural food, and exhibit a depraved appetite? Is he insensible to pain? Is his voice strangely altered? Any one of these symptoms should awaken suspicion, and a close observation will then quickly discover the true state of the case. We advise all our readers to commit these symptoms to memory—to learn them as a lesson is learnt, which in after life may be of paramount importance.

A CRITICISM ON CRICKET:

IN TWO INNINGS.

A writer in *Once a Week*, who evidently knows, or thinks he knows, something about the game of cricket, makes it the subject of two lectures, in which he pitches into, in a catapultish style, fast bowling, etc. As is usually the case with Englishmen, his creed is firm that none but his countrymen can play or enjoy the game; which, however, has been partially disproven here, and we hope soon will be wholly so. His remarks are not entirely without force, and, indeed, in some instances, he hits the right nail on the head; therefore, as they are on a subject of interest to many of our readers, we here reproduce them, and give his

FIRST INNINGS.

"Cricket! There's a wholesome English smack about the word which no one but an Englishman, I think, can rightly relish. To my notion a cricketer *nascitur non fit*. Men must be British born to play the game and like it. Your Frenchman is too volatile, your German too phlegmatic for it, and as for other nations, they mostly are too lazy, or else too luxurious. Cricket requires steadiness as well as strength and quickness, and the union of these qualities distinguishes the English. I repeat, then, none but Englishmen know how to play at cricket, and only in their ears will the mention of it waken any pleasurable echoes.

"*Quæ cum ita sint*, as one used to say on 'theme days;' *haud dubitandum est*, that Englishmen, wherever they may be, must be rejoiced to find that cricket shows no symptoms of decay; on the contrary, indeed, yearly seems to show increased vitality. Despite the march of intellect, perhaps rather because of it, the pastime still continues our chief national recreation, and the severest course of study admits of proper leisure for it. What was true in Æsop's time is true of human nature now. Brains, as well as bows, will weaken, if kept always on the stretch. Wholesome exercise becomes, therefore, a part of education, and the wholesomest is that which joins amusement with activity. Now, cricket healthily relaxes the tension of the mind no less than it invigorates and braces up the muscles, and our school masters are wise to sanction and promote it. Obviously, cricket is a far better recreation than sitting down to dominoes in-doors, like the French, or playing 'buck! buck!' at street corners, in the manner of the Italians.

"But while I rejoice to see my favorite sport flourish, and its votaries each summer more and more increase and multiply, there are some points in its progress I am not well pleased at, and as I call myself a critic, I intend to speak my mind about them. In the first place—though perhaps I may lose caste by the confession—I own I liked the game much better when it was not played so well; and though science has, in most respects, assuredly done much for us, I really almost wish that she had meddled less with cricket. As a lady, science could not have known much about the game; (when did you ever hear a woman talk as though she, in the slightest atom, understood it?) and as persons should not interfere with what does not concern them, I wish that science had amused herself with *crochet*, than had condescended to come and play at cricket.

"The first step science took in cricket shoes, I think, was a *faux pas*. She invented a machine called, classically, a catapult, which woefully tormented me when first I formed acquaintance with it. The catapult was made to supercede the art of bowling, and my mind was sorely harassed with the thought of what might come of it. I was haunted for a while with the most hideous of dreams, foreboding that the days of cricketers were numbered, and that ere long, matches would be played by steam, as hatches are achieved, not less in violence of nature. Happily, however, my fears have not been realised, for the machine was too infernal to find favor with my countrymen. But I regret to see that science still meddles with their game, and, to my thinking, at least, does little to improve it. Play is now-a-days becoming a mere matter of hard work, and what should be amusement is too often the reverse of it. A match is really quite a serious and solemn piece of business, and grave faces are seen in it more frequently than grinning ones. I think the fun of the game went out when fast bowling came in, which it did with that infer— Well, that infer—ior catapult. Men now go armed into a cricket field, as though it were a battle one, and they may thank their lucky stars if they bring their limbs safe out of it.

"Now, don't let it be thought that I object to skill in field sports, and advocate a clumsy, lazy, slovenly pursuit of them. On the contrary, I hold that the better a man plays a game the more he will enjoy it, and that this is true of every sport from pitch-and-toss to grouse-slaughter. But surely cricket might be played with skill, and yet without such serious looks as it appears now to occasion. There was fully as much skill in the old three-quarter bowling as there is in the more modern catapultive system; and, without gaining in skill, I fancy the new style has caused some loss in the amusement. There is certainly more danger in the game now than there was, and this may be a reason why there seems to be less pleasure in it. Besides, it seems to me, men make more a business than they did of it. The laws are strict and stringent; but this I don't complain of. What I object to chiefly is the spirit they are construed in. Play is now too cut-and dried a piece of work to please me. A ball is bowled, and hit, and fielded, as by steam; and if a player fails to do precisely what is wanted of him, he does not now get jeered at so much as he gets sneered at. To my mind this is not a wholesome alteration. When I am at play I like to laugh and enjoy myself, and half the pleasure of the sport is gone if you abstract the fun from it. We learned at school that "*Dulce est desipere in loco*," and if the cricket field is not the place for harmless, healthy fun, I should like to know what is, pray?

"For thus avowing my dislike of the new-fangled way of playing, kind people will, of course, be prone to call me an old fogy, and to fancy that my nerves and knees are getting somewhat shaky. But I was young enough, last year, to draw a stump or two at Lord's, and to stand up, without flinching, to a few 'overs' from Jackson. It is not then from funk that, now-a-days, I find less fun than formerly in cricket; but I like games to be games, and not all work and worry. However vulgar and degrading the confession may be thought, I own I used to like to hear a clumsy cricketer assailed with a shout of—'Now, then, old butter-fingers!' when he missed a catch; and to see the game of cricket played by merry men, and not by solemn mutes, all swathed in gloves and greaves, so that they almost look like mummies.

"Cricket is not a theme to be pumped dry in six paragraphs, so I shall reserve what I have to say about it for a second innings." H. Silver.

[The Second Innings next week.—Ed]

September.—September, according to Gerard John Vossius, is composed of the word *Septem*, seven, and the termination *ber*, like *lis* in *Aprilis*, *Quintilis*, *Sextilis*. Priscian, and Isidorus, considered September to be composed of *Septem*, and *imber*, a shower of rain; this month being the commencement of the rainy season. Peachum describes September, "as of a merry and cheerful countenance, in a purple robe; upon his head a wreath of white and purple grapes; in his left hand a handful of millet, oates, and panicle, withal carrying a cornucopia of ripe peaches, pears, pomegranates, and other fruits of the season; in his right hand the sign *Libra*. His purple robe showeth how he reigneth like a king above other months, abounding with plenty of things necessary for man's life. The sign, *Libra*, an indifferent arbiter between the day and night, poising to each his equal hours." The Saxons called this month *gerst monat*, because barley was then called *gerst*, the name barley being given to it by reason of the drink made therewith, called beere, and from *beerlegh* it came to *berlegh*, and thence to barley. They also called it *halige monath*, or the holy mouth, from an ancient festival held at this season of the year; 'For, that our forefathers (says a Saxon menology, or register of the months), the while they heathens were, on this month celebrated their devil-gild." An exposition which seems strangly at variance with the name. The vintage and the gathering of fruits belong to this month; the grape yields its wine, and the apple and peach give their grateful juices; the harvests are housed; and nature pours all her annual bounties into the lap of man.

Dodging the Hatter.—An individual purchased a hat in a shop kept by a person of the name of Dodgin. The article was got in the absence of the proprietor, and the purchaser left the shop, entirely forgetting (by mistake, of course) to pay for the "tile." The tradesman, upon hearing the facts, started after him. Upon overhauling him, the following scene occurred: "See here, sir, I wish to speak with you." "Move on." "I am Dodgin, the hatter." "That's my fix." "I tell you I am Dodgin, the hatter." "So am I; I'm dodgin' the hatter, too—and very likely we are both of us dodgin' the same chap." The scene ended in a "striking" tableau, in which Mr. Diddler found himself considerably "mixed up" with "Dodgin, the hatter."

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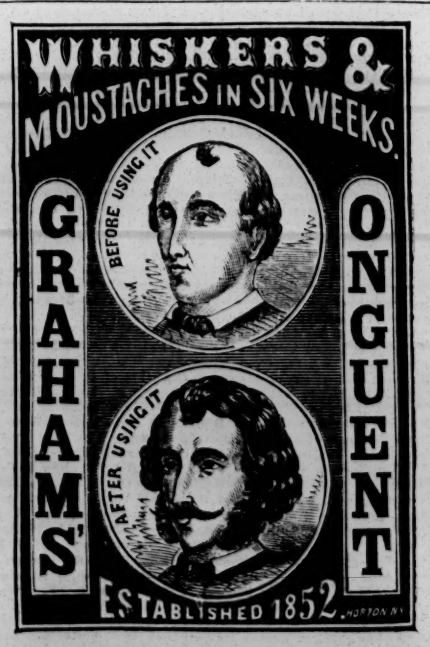

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